



The American
LEGION
M O N T H L Y



"For Digestion's Sake Smoke Camels!"

**"MIGHTY GOOD ADVICE," SAYS THIS
HARD-RIDING TEXAS COW PUNCHER**

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"AFTER RIDING HERD from sun-up to sun-down, the chuck-wagon looks mighty good to me," says Fred McDaniel (*above, also right*). "But I wouldn't enjoy my 'chuck' half as much without the pleasure I get from smoking Camels with my meals and afterwards. After a good meal and Camels I feel plenty O.K. Camels set me right! And they never get on my nerves."



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WHAT Fred McDaniel says about Camels is backed up 100% by baseball's "Iron Man," Lou Gehrig — by Frank Buck, of "Bring 'Em Back Alive" fame — by Eleanor Tennant, outstanding woman tennis coach — and by millions of other Camel smokers in all walks of life. Enjoy Camels at every meal. They speed up the flow of digestive fluids. Increase alkalinity. Help you *enjoy* food. Camels set you right!

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CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND



BUSY SECRETARY. "I smoke Camels," says attractive Joselyn Libby. "Camels put more fun into eating and smoking too. So many girls smoke Camels."

LABOR *and the* LAW

By Jay C. Hormel

WHETHER originated the idea that employers and employees have their interests necessarily opposed has a lot to answer for when he comes to judgment. Intelligent employers and intelligent employees both know that unless the business succeeds and unless the people who work in it are well treated, it cannot continue and they will all be losers.

Most people want to be fair, want to give value for value whether they meet payrolls or draw pay envelopes. This is how it looks to me after a good many years as an employer. Yet we have in this country of ours a situation where despite the fair-minded majorities on both sides of the fence, violent strife frequently breaks out. How can this occur?

It arises because neither the worker nor his boss is, under existing conditions, always free to act as liberally as he desires in dealing with the other fellow. An employer, no matter how fair his intentions, cannot raise wages greatly if his competitors will not. Any attempt to set an example of higher wage scales to equally efficient competitors may put him in receivership by increasing his labor costs more than he can get back in his selling price. One recalcitrant may block an entire industry's desire to do better for the people on its payrolls.

No wonder that both the employer and the employee sometimes under these conditions feel despair or resort to inherently undesirable methods. The employer who wants to be fair may have his hands tied. The employee who feels that he is getting a raw deal and has no hope of any other effective remedy for his troubles reaches for a hefty club. No one can fairly blame him. Yet the fact remains that such industrial strife contains the seed of revolutions exactly like some we have seen upset democratic government in other lands.

One of our gravest national needs is a method to remove the basic reason for industrial violence. We need not undertake any program aimed at reforming the morals of the world, nor need we indulge in any other form of impractical idealism. There exist facts to be observed. From these it should be possible for us to draw some accurate conclusions for avoiding the very real dangers of violent industrial strife.

It long since became apparent to the general public that labor does not always automatically get its just due. The need for getting labor its due brought collective bargaining into existence. Obviously, collective bargaining is ineffective if the other fellow says "No." The next natural step was mass action. But mass action can be effectual only as it becomes violent and lawless.

Thus we have as a common spectacle in our national life strikes of varying degrees of violence and lawlessness, some of these going to such extremes

that they are deplored by even the most enthusiastic supporters of collective bargaining. Nor is there any use pleading for law and order so long as we tolerate injustice and fail to provide any lawful, orderly method for righting unjust conditions.

Collective bargaining cannot be to any important degree effective if we simultaneously enforce our present laws. Law enforcement would prevent the only kind of mass action that gets results. And we seem to be under the impression that mass action is the only means of enforcing collective bargaining. This impression is incorrect.

In this misconception lies our sole difficulty. There is open an effective way to enforce collective bargaining without resort to force. But before we can make use of it there must be some basic statement in law of the rights involved in the employer-employee relationship. We are floundering in major difficulties from which we can emerge by only one road: We must have a legal statement of the rights of labor.

In most respects our laws covering the rights of property seem adequate. But the rights of labor are not adequately protected. The reason for property rights and labor rights coming into conflict is that the dispute is usually concerned with the division of available income which is jointly earned by the property and by the labor of the people who work there.

Before now the world has frequently been torn by a conflict of interests. As long as either of two conflicting interests—in the situation under consideration, this interest is that of labor—remains unprotected by laws which state its rights, the unprotected group has effective recourse only to force and violence. Each time in the history of the world when such a conflict became too serious for comfort, laws were developed which stated the current public opinion of the rights involved. As we developed such laws in shape satisfactory to the majority, enforcement of the stated rights became a comparatively simple task involving no violence.

Is it not, then, apparent that there exists a way by which we can avoid the violence which has appeared in the relationship between labor and capital? Is it not plain that we can quickly end this lawlessness by removing the underlying cause, by developing laws which state the relative rights of capital and of labor on a basis which meets the approval of a majority of our people?

Until we have such a method working smoothly, we cannot hope to avert industrial violence. Until then it is useless to look for law and order to be maintained in the face of industrial injustice arising from either side of the fence. Only when this basic cause of lawlessness is removed shall we have taken a long step toward maintaining unshaken those American institutions which we cherish above all others.

Jay C. Hormel is president of Geo. A. Hormel & Company of Austin, Minnesota. As head of this meat packing business, he has given a great deal of attention to developing methods of wage payment and other aspects of industrial relationships which would at the same time bring greater security to the workers and lead to less friction between employee and employer

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

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★ THE suspense is over. We've always known who, why and what. Last September, at Cleveland, we found out where. And now we know when.

SEPTEMBER 20, 21, 22, 23 next. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday. The place, New York City. The occasion, the Nineteenth National Convention of The American Legion. The biggest, grandest, most impressive, most-to-be-memorable in Legion history. If you think this is just liverwurst cut out this paragraph and make us eat it in public just before the final gavel bangs down next fall.

THESE dates, you will notice, almost coincide with those of the Cleveland festivities, which began September 21st and ended the 24th—1936, of course. In order that this may cause no confusion among visiting Legionnaires, we have evolved a little formula for you to stick in the back of your watch. Add 20, 21, 22, 23 and 1937 and you get 2023, the digits of which add up to 7, so there's no earthly reason why you should confuse 1936 with 1937. Oh, we're bright this morning.

AS further proof against any possible mixup, it might be added that there are seven letters in New York. The year ought to be firmly fixed in your mind by now. And to remember the opening day of the month, just add the digits of 1937. And in order to recall the month itself, all you have to remember is that it is the only month the total of whose letters determines its position in the calendar. Hotcha, we're good today. And nobody helped us.

★ FURTHER statistics: One simple reason why the New York National Convention of 1937 will be the biggest ever is that New York will be entertaining the biggest Legion ever. Once before—in 1930-31—has the Legion exceeded the million mark. During this official year of 1936-37 it will reach and pass the million mark earlier and by a larger margin than six years ago. That's not a promise—it's a statement.

MANY factors go into the building up of membership in any organization, but Factor Number One is to build up the organization so that it's worth belonging to. "The Legion's own day of opportunity lies ahead of it," said National Commander Colmery in these pages two months ago. "As the greatest unselfish patriotic organization in America and in the world, it has yet to write the most notable and most noble of its achievements. We have not yet got to the middle of the book."

YOU can get a pretty good line-up of reasons why The American Legion is worth belonging to right in this issue. Read what the National Executive Committee did at its important fall meeting—a meeting that annually ratifies and amplifies and puts steam into the recommendations of the National Convention. Read the account of the career of National Commander Colmery and see what one man can do in an organization. Read Irv Jennings's story of how the Legion in Arizona is handling the drifter problem with understanding, and sympathy. Read, in "Once a Year," of the manifold activities for good performed by Legion posts in more than a dozen States. Yes, the Legion's worth belonging to.

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**THE UNIVERSAL CAR
BROADENS ITS FIELD**

PERHAPS you have wondered a little why the 1937 Ford V-8 offers a choice of two engine sizes. The answer is simply that it brings the advantages of V-8 ownership within the reach of many more people.

The new 60-horsepower V-8 engine, optional in several body types, makes possible a lower priced car with lower operating costs. It gives good performance—with gasoline mileage so high that it creates an entirely new standard of economy in modern motor car operation.



Ford V-8
FOR 1937

The improved 85-horsepower V-8 engine provides all the smooth speed and pick-up for which Ford cars are famous—with unusually low gasoline consumption.

Two engine sizes. One big car. Brilliantly modern in appearance. With all-steel body . . . Easy-Action Safety Brakes . . . and other improvements in safety, comfort, quiet. Built of fine materials, to high precision standards, by well-paid workmen . . . and deservedly called "The Quality Car in the Low-price Field."

OGLESBY CARSON

Figures it out

BY GEORGE HERBERT

*Illustration
by
L.R. Gustavson*

WE WERE a happy bunch of foreigners in Northern Mexico during the last of the "good old days" of Diaz about 1908. Those who drifted into Torreon were a cosmopolitan lot. Every nationality was represented in our Foreign Club. Boom times were on and money was easy. Our town had grown from a desert railway junction, to be a thriving little city of some twenty-five thousand souls, all in a few years.

No one asked the who or why of any stranger who happened in. He or she merely had to stack up with the crowd and pack his or her part of the load. All undesirables quickly sank to their own level, for we had some pretty high standards of fair play among us. It was a happy life, and none of us guessed even remotely that we were sitting on top of a volcano that would break our beloved Torreon wide open with revolution within two or three years.

Quite unheralded and unannounced there hove into our midst a couple that caught our eye. Somehow they quite stood out from our usual run of visitors. We first spotted them at Sternau's quaffing scotch and sodas. So one by one we welcomed them into our little fold.

We found them to be Oglesby Carson and his wife Hattie, from Canada. For a long time that's about all we knew of them. Things had to unwind in Torreon; few questions were ever asked. Though they told delightful stories from all over the world, they themselves never appeared in their narratives. They read good books, made excellent cocktails, gave delightful dinners and immediately fell into our notions of what Torreon's foreign social life should be.

Truth has a way of coming to the top, if given time. And it finally became an established fact that Oglesby was a "perpetual," though he always handled it like a gentleman. A propensity for strong drink, manifested when he was a mere schoolboy, caused his parents, who were wealthy, to send him all over the world in an effort (Continued on page 59)



"I had pretty nearly slipped to the very bottom when I managed to catch hold"

By
**CLIFFORD
W. KENNEDY**

Illustrations
by
FRANK STREET

Bad

"But I hadda tell you about them dames, both of them painted up like new houses. Whatta they in here for, don't they know there's a war on? And the feller, he—"

"Should I kidnap the fellow so's you'd have to escort the frails? I'll bet—hello, Chief."

But Curley persisted despite the approach of the Works En-

IT WAS the second summer of the war. Early in the summer was always the time for something to happen in our plant. In 1914, right in the summer, we stirred away from shot shells, from twenty-twos and a whole line of hunters' favorites to start the first French order for cartridges. In 1915 we canceled vacations to somersault over into British production. By summer, in 1917, we were going hell-bent after our own war. The following year, up to this summer, had been full, full, full—work by day, work nights, all the week, catch up the ends on Sunday. The tremendous program of expansion and construction was nearly done, equipment was bought, made and in, production was finally just about meeting demand, we were shipping shells almost as fast as they could rattle them off over there; at least our part of the whole scheme was up to schedule.

Every so often somebody tried to stop the swing, for the enemy was fighting the war on this side too. As much as a month had passed without an episode, even the guards were crying monotony. But somebody was preparing to serve up a nice dish; it was to be served to a poor chap somewhere in the sky—wait a minute, here's the story.

Little Curley, ambling in his usual sauntering style down the aisle back of the primer cup presses, stopped, just as if another step would hurtle him over the edge of an abyss, stopped so suddenly the test lamp he had been dangling swung violently to and fro. Complete, bewildered astonishment crowded expression into his ordinarily placid countenance, his jaw, dropping down into his union-alls, interrupted the constant comfort of a quid of tobacco; small, close-set, blue eyes popped out to take in the entire scene. Recovery, after a minute, jerked him around and

With three painted, perfumed actresses dawdling right under his nose, and that guy Ziegler to be watched, Curley suffered

sent him, practically on the run, way back to the crib and electrical shop.

He commenced to clamor at us all the way from the further stair-well. "Hey, did anyone see what's upstairs in the primers?" he shouted. "You shoulda seen the two dames and the guy what's with 'em"—swallowing and puffing—"did I ever see a powdered poppy in pants in here?"

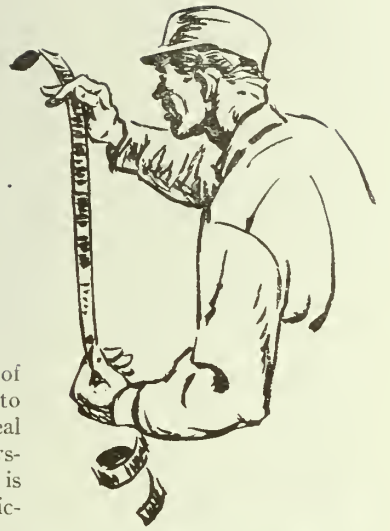
"Never see a woman before, Curley?" said Van, who was a good foreman from sheer power of dry, unsmiling wit. "You didn't happen to forget there still ain't no light up on the swaging room, did you? Not being cats those fellows ain't so handy in the dark—"

gineer. "Van, you can lay down in a nest of carpet tacks; I gotta know who they are. If you don't know, ask the Chief. Especially that feller, I've seen before somewhere."

"Curley, my boy, I can set you straight in a few words," put in the Works Engineer, "and if Van wants to fix it that way, you



Actor



have another job. Item number one. Somebody in Washington decides that those who are toiling for the good of this war but who do not happen to be across shall receive some mark of honor. It'll be a silver chevron for each half year of service. Just like the gold chevron over across, see? What's more, civilians, in war work, can earn the chevrons, too, as well as the uniformed men."

must receive a great deal of publicity. It is proposed to write about it a great deal and to talk it up in the newspapers. A good method is to show a regular moving pic-



"That daisy up there," interrupted Curley, "couldn't earn no chevron, only a brass one." Which made Van put in his oar: "You don't get 'em, either, Curley, popping eyes at painted dames."

"Item number two," the Chief continued. "The Silver Chevron

ture of our hero earning his award in several different ways. He sells Liberty Bonds and makes speeches. They take him about to all the places in Washington, he works on a farm out West, then he comes over into a shipyard. Finally he works here on munitions, catches a spy and has a hero medal pinned on."

"That guy gets a medal?" Curley exploded, "I'd send my mother-in-law a bouquet of roses, first."

"But you don't have to pin on the medal, and, as I was saying, some of the movie shots are to be taken here in the Works and you, Mr. Curley, will soon be rigging up a portable generator and flood-lights for them, in line with what I am just now about to describe to Van."

Van handed Curley a roll of tape. "Here, little one, tape down your eyes so's you can get by those women and while you're up that way wouldja be willing to just see about those lights up in 46?"

"Chief," said Curley solemnly, "two minutes after you're gone Van'll sweat his baggy pants getting up to see those frails; me, I'm only a piddler side of him. But that guy what's with 'em, he ain't here for no good purpose, I'm telling you."

With that Curley started again for his destination. We used to notice that, if he scratched the hair above his ear with his right middle finger, he was really thinking, for him; funny thing, too, something usually came of it. By the time he was again passing the primers, he had irritated a round, red spot which gleamed through his thin, gray hair like the indicator bull's-eye which tells the telephone operator somebody is calling. Something was calling in Curley's brain but it was having a terrific time completing a clear circuit. As he spied, again, the pair of rather gaudy young women, with the theatrical atmosphere, his mental wiring shorted to a dead ground. For a minute just average, every day, mechanic's habits took possession; his eyes drank in silk stockings, form-plastering skirts, scarlet lips, desire painted in shadows under dumb eyes. His job was going to be putting bright light on that, and them! Then the corona effect passed over, the circuits in his brain cleared; up went the scratcher syn-



Unmindful of stinking, muddy water, forgetting his clothes, he pitched down to the bottom and sucked a casting out of the mud

chronizing with the swing of his jaw as he tortured his quid of tobacco. Doggedly he concentrated on the man of the trio, his mind plugging in again and again, in the attempt to ring through clear to some point in the past where that fellow belonged.

Curley, completing any particular stint of thinking, had an unconscious sign for that, too. It was simply to dispense with the worn out tobacco and introduce a new shipment with his knife point. Then we could breathe easy for we knew orders would be carried out carefully and quickly, albeit mechanically. In this case 46 got its lights just as the section boss was ringing the Chief for help. But Curley was undisturbed—he had planted an idea, back in his mental files, that would save a tough situation some day.

Mister Curley was a busy man during the next few days. With considerable care he bolted a dynamo set onto a hand truck; expertly he fashioned a power cord-set with which he could connect the motor to any one of the plant junction boxes in a jiffy; he whipped up innumerable extension cords for the Klieg lights and rigged a truck, for his helper to pull, which carried the battery of lamps and other accessories needed for the picture work. Like a caravan the two, pulling the trucks, followed the trail the artists had taken during their half-day visit, into a number of parts of the plant. At each point where, as Curley's memory served him, the man and girls had stopped to discuss location, he and his helper would proceed rapidly to work, as efficiently as firemen, connecting the apparatus and throwing a glare of light upon taunting or disgruntled machine hands. Curley came to know the best power outlet location for each "take" that might be made, just as the fire-captain knows his hydrants. He planned in detail that the female talent

should admire him!

After the second rehearsal of the searchlight squad Curley's assistant gathered the crib gang into a huddle at quitting time—Curley was still puttering over his equipment—for entertainment.

"You know it's hot around those lights," he related. "In a few minutes you're sweating like a trooper, even if you don't move. So what does Curley do but have me rig up a shelf high on my truck. Then he made me go all over the plant and shack in three or four fans which I strap down to the shelf and hook up to any handy socket. I didn't tumble to it till he stands out in the light and has me keep moving my truck till he gets a good breeze—it's all for those sweet canaries of his, Curley won't have them minding the heat!"

Van agreed, "Curley's a smart lad; good dope to keep those babies cool."

"Maybe I better fix him a personal fan; no, I got it, let's take along that circulator and keep cool water on him—the way he's licking his lips he'll need it." Unusual for him Curley took this twitting silently. Without depreciating one whit the need for impressing the actresses, he stubbornly focussed his mind on the male trouper, convincing himself that all the preparation was intended to give him plenty of time to talk with that fellow, or was it renewing an acquaintance?

Things were all calmed down and dust was actually collecting on the dynamo set before the Silver Chevron bunch showed up again. Then one day the Chief had Van send Curley over to the head office, a trip he delayed long enough to spruce up in the wash-room and to pick up his new helper. This being an easy job, Van had explained, he would give him the newly arrived greenhorn. Curley found the stranger bright and willing, full of questions, but that is getting ahead of the story. Re-



Along with them a crowd was converging on the tragedy, guards, machine hands, porters, the plant emergency crew—nurse and all—everybody was running

splendent in fresh unionalls, clean skin, a necktie (yes, a necktie) he halted in the Chief's ante-room to absorb the feminine scenery and then casually slipped into the office. This day there were two new girls; one especially, a dark one with bobbed hair, to whom he edged over a signal that flashed back an echo; maybe this job was going to be a chance to—

"Here's Curley," the Chief interrupted a delectable train of thought. "I want you to meet Mr. Bloom—no, over here—Mr. Bloom is directing this picture being made in our plant and I want you to be right with him all the time, do or get for him whatever he wishes for the work. If Mr. Bloom is absent you will report to Mr. Ziegler, the leading man—this is Mr. Ziegler. While we are finishing, Curley, you can lug those cases over near the blanking presses in 73—get your apparatus there too, and then come back here to guide these people over. Now, gentlemen," turning to the others, "what else can I tell you; are you all provided with passes?"

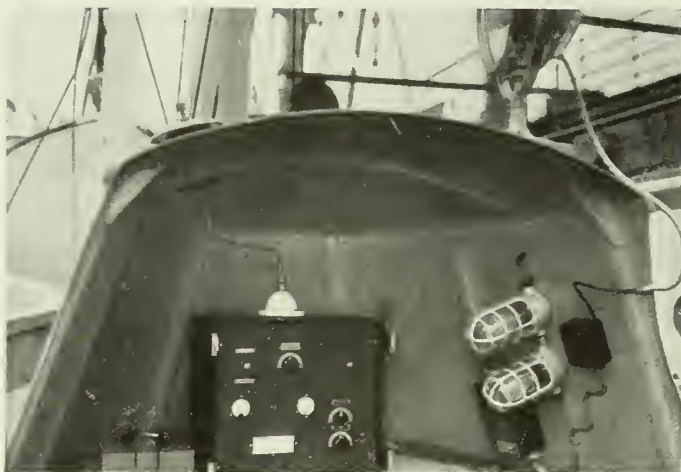
"Yes, to be sure, yes," replied Bloom, "except, but—er—Ziegler here is a little anxious about the shot in those high-explosive places, what did you call them—fulminate or full of something houses? I guess Zieg is scared," he continued. "Does this man of yours know when it's safe to—er—photograph there?"

The Chief chuckled. "Curley enjoys his own skin too much to take any chances; he'll be sure you are safe."

"So they are letting that bird in the river shacks, are they?" Curley mumbled to the new helper. "Believe me the one I let him into will be washed clean that day. Hey, pick up that dame's suit case—you'd like us to carry that over, ma'am?" Just a little flushed from the look in those dark eyes, Curley dragged on after his helper.

The fulminate houses were little more than large
(Continued on page 42)

ARMS *and*



A sight to reassure any prospective gob of that "next war"—a lifeboat fitted with emergency radio equipment

RADIO was in use by the United States Army as far back as 1900. Soon after Marconi came to this country in 1899 to demonstrate wireless telegraphy, Major General A. W. Greely, Chief Signal Officer of the Army, detailed officers to develop it, and in April, 1903, messages were exchanged between Fort Wadsworth and Governors Island, N. Y. The Signal Corps became the first federal organization to adopt radio, and its development went forward continuously. We employed it in Cuba in 1906 and on the Border in 1916.

It was a German wireless message to Mexico, intercepted by the British and turned over to us, that helped bring us into the World War. That message sought to enlist Mexico as an ally in the event of hostilities, promising her Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona if the United States were conquered.

Once we had entered the war, radio became one of the pressing problems of our war effort. Handicapped by lack of equipment and trained personnel, the same unpreparedness we found in other branches, we were forced at first into dependence upon our Allies for apparatus and training. But American adaptability and energy triumphed and before long we were in action with the various novel and invaluable uses of radio which the war called forth: Listening-in, interception of enemy messages from ground or air, control of our own

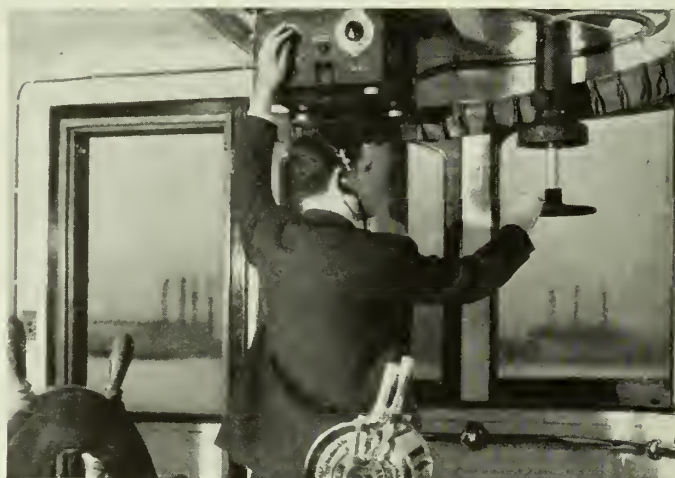


By
JAMES G. HARBORD

Major General, U.S. A., Retired

communications to prevent them betraying themselves, and spotting enemy ground stations and raiding planes. As an adjunct to the A. E. F. intelligence service, our radio division probably located and identified more enemy units than any other means, including raids.

Many a story of gallantry and ingenuity stands on the service record of our radio men. Listening-in posts pushed far out into No Man's Land and manned through bombardments and attacks by German-speaking operators who sent back vital information. Stations maintained in the shell-



Direction finder for smaller vessels—a device serviceable alike in peace and war. At left, field operator, First Army Maneuvers, Pine Camp, New York

torn, gas-drenched areas just back of the lines, sometimes with the crew working in masks through 24-hour mustard gas attacks. Other stations knocked out by direct hits. Officers, careless over the telephone, presented a few minutes later by the control section with complete transcriptions of their conversations which could have been heard as easily by the Germans. Headquarters accurately informed that a reported German withdrawal had not taken place because our radio men had determined that all the spotted enemy radio stations were still functioning regularly in the same places. And mention also should be made of the efficient radio network in our Army of Occupation.

While wire telephone remained the principal method of communication in 1917-18, I need not remind any veteran how costly in lives its maintenance was. One Division at St. Mihiel had eighty breaks in its lines in three hours of combat and lost many signal men. Radio was not fully appreciated in those days, as this story shows. A Brigade Commander, his wires all shot out, radioed to Division Headquarters: "I am absolutely out of all communication."

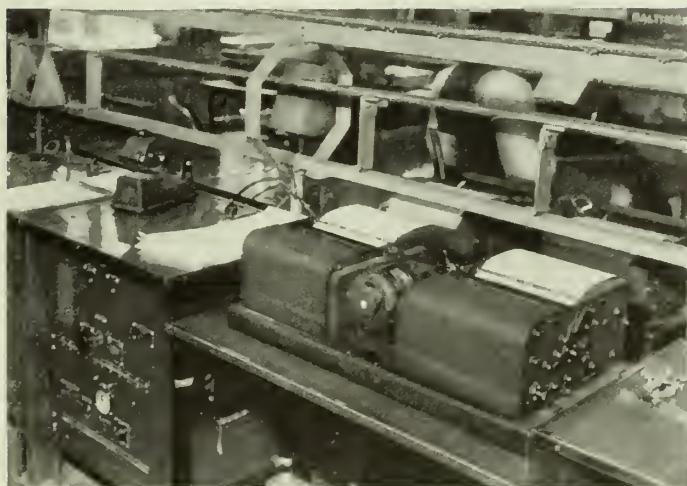
the RADIO

Yet by the end of the war radio had strikingly established itself as a form of communication, as well as in its other phases. Communication is a key to victory and has been ever since the first scout sighted the approach of the enemy from a hilltop and waved back a warning to his tribesmen in the valley below.

Since the war, mechanization and motorization of armies has spurred the development of radio personnel and apparatus as essential equipment for modern warfare. Whereas at the Armistice the strength of the radio division of the Signal Corps and the Air Service amounted to only 85 officers and 1,045 enlisted men, it was estimated not long ago that one American field army requires 1,512 radio stations and more than 6,000 trained operators. While it takes weeks to train an efficient radio operator, we could in a sudden expansion draw upon a splendid civilian source of supply to a greater extent than we did in the past. When



Radio's place in the national defense scheme puts it at the service of everything on wheels and of everyone who rides or walks



Facsimile recorder used in ultra-short-wave circuit. Below, a modern knight-at-arms carrying saddlebag radio equipment

the need of radio men was made known in 1917, 4,000 amateur operators enlisted in the Army and Navy within a space of sixty days.

The subsequent great increase in the ranks of amateurs (there are 40,000 licenses in force today) means that skilled reinforcements are available. Many executives and technicians of the company I serve, the Radio Corporation of America, are reserve officers of the Army and Navy. The company, kept free from foreign influence or control, maintains a close contact with the War and Navy Departments in the event that its systems should be taken over by the Government in an emergency.

Our country has been to the fore in the rapid



advance in radio equipment. Signal Corps laboratories at Fort Monmouth, N. J., and Wright Field, Dayton, O., along with civilian organizations, are constantly engaged in radio research. Notable progress in short wave broadcasting; portable sets with generators instead of storage batteries; light-weight printer equipment to replace operators—these are among the improvements whose military value has been demonstrated. The army equipment has included twenty-five different types of portable field sets: Two-way air-ground, inter-air, infantry, cavalry, artillery, and mechanical units.

Veterans watching army maneuvers today can witness such strange and unfamiliar sights as these. Infantry runners become company signalmen with radio pack sets on their backs. Cavalrymen with an aerial rod rising from the stirrup socket where once rested the guidon. A field artillery combat train including a car which is a radio station on wheels. Once isolated and groping tank crews talking to each other and their brigade commander by wireless telephony. A one-time scout manning a direction finder. A truck with a powerful radio plant, capable of communication with front lines, rear areas, and airplanes, rolling up to division headquarters. More familiar to the ex-sailor going aboard ship again will be the diamond-shaped loop antenna on deck serving the radio compass and its controls in the chart room. He will remember how useful this device has proved in navigation and for spotting the whereabouts of other ships and submarines. He may also notice a newer and reassuring sight—the emergency radio equipment now available for lifeboats.

Radio facsimile apparatus, similar to that in daily (Continued on page 48)

SHARD VILLA—how many rays of memory shine down upon me through the sixty years since I shared its hospitality! It was a big, square stone mansion on the old road from Middlebury to Brandon in Vermont. Under the turret of its front tower was a white stone on which the words Shard Villa had been cut. The words and the estate were the final chapter of one of the great romances of history which had its beginning far back in the 18th Century. Of this fact I was entirely ignorant while I lived there—a boy in my seventeenth year—as teacher of the two children of the master and mistress of the mansion, Mr. and Mrs. Columbus Smith.

These dear people are long since gone, root and branch, and a time has come when I can tell their story. They had two children—a boy eleven years of age and a girl just beginning her tenth year. They were a lively, beautiful pair.

In all the world I think that there was not another man like Columbus Smith or another estate like his. He was the most picturesque figure of a man that ever stood before me—stout and of medium stature, thick hair, white as snow, eyes and eyebrows black. As I remember him there was not a wrinkle in his big, ruddy, smooth, serious face. In it was the expression of an indomitable will. One may almost say it was a will which had done impossible things.

In the house he wore a short coat of brown doeskin, a figured silk waistcoat, across the front of which ran the clasped and tripled lengths of a gold watch chain with a large fob hanging in the line of the but-



tons. This chain was left to me and is now in my safe. His lips were rather tightly closed. He said little and when he spoke he scarcely seemed to open his mouth. In deliberating he would take a silver snuff box from his waistcoat pocket, tap its side, open it, and inhale a pinch of snuff and then express a brief opinion. If his neighbor, John Dyer, was under discussion, his opinion would be distinctly unfavorable.

He said little. He had no intimate friends, no enthusiasms, probably because he had been, for many years, the slave of a great, absorbing task. In the midst of the crowds of London he had been a man apart and alone. I think that he had some sense of humor crushed and disabled by years of serious work.

Mr. Smith had made a large fortune, after many years of practice in the British Court of Claims, and had returned to his native heath. There he had bought an immense acreage and built his mansion with a great turreted gray stone wall enclosing the ample grounds of the villa. He had tenant houses and his life was fashioned after that of the English squire. Yet he had not been able entirely to put aside the old Yankee thrift and simplicity inherited from his fathers. Horses and hounds were not for him. When he went to

He had made a large fortune in practice before the British Court of Claims

FOUND TREASURE

Illustrations by Grattan Condon

his bank in Brandon he sat in a plain, side-spring buggy behind a farm horse and did his own driving. Mrs. Smith, with the aid of one of the many hired men, would see that this buggy was kept clean, and I remember once she bossed the painting of it.

They were both as innocent of any knowledge of art as the most ignorant denizen of the mountain country that fronted the villa. They had brought from Italy an artist to decorate the walls of the mansion. He had covered them with vivid colors. I think that a good country sign painter could have done a better job.

One of my first tasks at the villa was a rather trying one. The old Scotch gardener had not come to breakfast. Mr. Smith had tried the door of his little house on the grounds and found it locked inside. He had called and got no answer. I was young and supple. He had succeeded in opening a narrow window that led to the cellar. I crawled through it, jumped to the cellar bottom and climbed two flights and found the old man helpless on the floor. He had had a stroke and was near his end. I looked at him lying in the dim, melancholy light that sifted through the blue paned window and hurried down the stairway and opened the front door.

After the big mansion was finished Mr. Smith gave to the estate a grim and singular token of his unique character. I almost shudder when I think of it, for the thing seems to have tempted fate and to have put a curse on him and his descendants.

He built a handsome gray stone mausoleum on the grounds near the big house for himself and his family. It would seem that he wished to be reminded every day of the inevitable end of life.

Both he and his wife seemed to enjoy living. Governors, generals, senators, bishops and college presidents came to enjoy the hospitality of the villa. At commencement time, the faculty and graduating class of Middlebury were entertained there.

The mansion could not have had a more delightful setting with green mountain peaks some five miles in front of it and a beautiful valley between.

I went home to begin my college course. Five years had passed and I was at work in New York when a letter informed me that the mausoleum had got its first victim. At sixteen, the boy William, who had grown to be more than six feet tall, had died of meningitis.

The great Columbus Smith now sat in a wheel chair, utterly broken

In the middle of the next summer I rode on my bicycle from New York to Shard Villa. It was the first of many visits after my leaving there. Smith had aged rapidly. The loss of his son, who was the main hope of his life, had softened the granite nature of the man.

They were glad to see me. I connected them with a dear and happy past. Mary, familiarly called Pinky, was a beautiful girl in her sixteenth year. The old gentleman was kind and thoughtful of my comfort, but silent. He said little to anyone. Mrs. Smith liked to talk of the beloved son who had left them.

The servants were growing gray. They seemed to feel the deep, cold shadow which had fallen upon the house. Mr. Ranney, the farm superintendent, was now a rather feeble old man but was still on duty. What a curious conservatism in the master and mistress of the villa! There were no changes in its working force. A faithful servant was never cast out. They were like members of the family. They had a pride in the name and fame of Columbus Smith and in the grandeur of his person and estate.

I spent three days at the villa and when I was leaving he said to me: "I shall be coming to New York soon and will see you there."

A year passed. It was mid-summer again when a letter informed me that he would be at the Grand Union Hotel on a certain day, where at six o'clock in the evening he would be glad to see me. I found him there. He had recovered his composure and was more communicative than I had ever known him to be. I was a man now—not a boy.

On the Park Avenue side of the hotel there were armchairs near the wall where guests could sit of an evening, when the sun was low, and enjoy the cool open air a few feet back of the sidewalk. After dinner we went there and as the shadows of the night fell upon us he told me the strange story of his life. He also loaned me a manuscript record of it on which he had been working for some time. I observed that many of the words were misspelled. He was one of those shrewd, mathematical Yankees with a small gift for the architecture of words. He had graduated from the law school of Middlebury College early in the 1820's. I am not able to recall the year. This is the story that came from his lips, the story of "The Maid of the Black Horse."

THE year was about 1740. The Black Horse Tavern was a popular inn near Trenton, N. J., owned (Continued on page 52)



The DATES are SEPTEMBER 20-23

By
FRANK E. SAMUEL

National Adjutant

UP FIFTH AVENUE again in 1937" The American Legion will march in convention parade in what bids fair to be the greatest spectacle the world has ever known. Legionnaire Robert E. Condon, representing the New York Convention Corporation, told the National Executive Committee in Indianapolis at its fall meeting that the parade will last exactly twenty-four hours, from the stroke of noon Tuesday of convention week to noon Wednesday. The National Executive Committee had just announced the dates for the convention as September 20-23, inclusive.

"Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Condon, as an incredulous buzz of comment swept over the room. "We won't make you stay in the assembly area any longer than you've stood in recent national convention parades. The Department of New York and two large neighboring Departments will themselves consume nine hours of the twenty-four, so you see it isn't as fantastic as it sounds."

The National Executive Committee, having recovered from this shock, went on to set the programs in detail for 1937 which the National Convention in Cleveland outlined in September. Meeting as a sort of committee of the whole on the state of the Legion on November 19-20, the committee was as usual preceded at National Headquarters by the conference of Department Commanders and Adjutants, held on November 15th

As they were—New York's own 77th Division stepping up the avenue on its return from France

**"UP FIFTH AVENUE AGAIN
IN 1937" WILL MARCH
REPRESENTATIVES OF
A LEGION MORE THAN
A MILLION STRONG**

to 17th. The telegraphic roll call of November 16th showed a 1937 membership of 448,559—better than the previous telegraphic record by 115,457 and pointing unmistakably to the greatest membership in the history of the Legion. The minimum objective is 1,100,000 members, but we won't stop there.

Curiously enough, when on the second day of the Executive Committee meeting Sam Reynolds of Nebraska stood before



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The Shrine Building of the Indiana World War Memorial, in which the National Executive Committee met

number of men under arms in Europe today is far greater than in 1914, he said, pointing out that Germany has so great a supply of ammunition that she is furnishing munitions to Austria, that England is working overtime to bring her defenses up to requirements, and that the conditions in Spain are daily bringing the Continent nearer to a general outbreak. His talks with military and naval attaches in Washington made him certain, Mr. Taylor said, that the matter of a general European war is not a question of if, but when.

Rev. Father Robert J. White, Chairman of the Legion's World Peace and Foreign Relations Committee, reporting on the Fidac's annual congress in Warsaw, Poland, last summer, brought a somewhat less somber picture of the European situation. He did not minimize the gravity of the outlook, but said that the influence of Fidac was being brought to bear on the situation, and that in every country of Europe affiliated with the inter-allied veterans' organization, the former soldiers are making realistic efforts to prevent an outbreak of hostilities. The success of the Czechoslovakian and Polish ex-service men in bringing an amicable settlement of differences in 1935 when across the border of the two countries was flowing a propaganda of hatred, points the way to a program of peace, Father White said.

Warning the Legion that if it neglects the peace movement, that movement will be taken over by the pacifists with their fantastic program of non-resistance, Father White praised the work of Fidac and said, "Our efforts will be worth while if we avert war for a single hour."

The first session of the Executive Committee was held in the auditorium of the Shrine of the Indiana World War Memorial just south of the Legion's National Headquarters. There in a beautiful setting that is not to be formally dedicated until next spring, the committee was welcomed by Legionnaire Robert R. Batton, Chairman of the Indiana War Memorial Commission, and received the greetings of Mrs. O. W. Hahn, President of The American Legion Auxiliary, and of Harry E. Ransom, Chef de Chemin de Fer of the Forty and Eight, both of whom promised the cordial co-operation of their organizations in the year ahead. Karl W. Kitchen, Executive Vice-President of the Cleveland Convention Corporation, reported that it had made arrangements to pay back in full everybody who advanced funds to ensure the success of the 1936 convention. He revealed that a study had shown delegates and visitors to Cleveland during the convention spent eleven million dollars there.

OPERATING under a mandate from the Cleveland convention, the Executive Committee passed a resolution offered by Harry L. Hall of Puerto Rico, Chairman of the Publication and Publicity Co-ordination Committee, constituting the Legion's Publishing and Publicity Commission, which hereafter will publish and distribute both *The American Legion Monthly* and the *National Legionnaire*, as well as have charge of publicity within the Legion.

(Continued on page 60)

the committee and with a series of charts showed a parallel between the careers of the Grand Army of the Republic and The American Legion, it was just seventy years to the minute from the time when the Grand Army held its first convention at Morrison's Opera House in Indianapolis.

National Commander Harry W. Colmery told the Executive Committee that the Legion at the coming session of Congress would press for passage of the Universal Service Act with all the power it can command. Declaring that the issue was a simple one, without complications, he said, "It is time men in the House and Senate of the United States got their eye on the ball. This is all that's involved—whether Congress shall give to the President power over the national resources, with authority to commandeer, and to freeze prices."

With Universal Service, the Committee placed the matter of greater benefits, compensation or pension for widows and orphans of deceased World War veterans, and national defense. John Thomas Taylor, Director of Legislation, told the meeting that Universal Service would almost certainly be enacted into law, and declared that the National Legislative Committee would press for action on the claims of the widows and orphans. He pointed out that widows and orphans of veterans of every other war are paid pensions. "If the established principle in these cases is right," he asked, "why should World War widows and orphans not receive this benefit?"

In the matter of national defense, Director Taylor promised that the National Legislative Committee would impress upon Congress the need for adoption of the Legion program for national defense promulgated by the Cleveland convention. The



IF YOU mislaid your job during a depression, could you create an immediately successful business of your own with a capital of twenty-five dollars?

I made the experiment—by proxy. The results were amazing—especially the by-products. I discovered a disease called White Collaritis, and that when a victim of this malady says “I’m desperate, I’ll do anything,” the answer is—Phooey!

I worked in the advertising department of a large corporation. So did Hervey, my associate in the Great Missouri Lion Hunt. My entrepreneur leanings and his interest in entomology made us a perfect team for the venture, or Adventure.

It was the blackest period of the depression. From the security of a lofty office window, we watched the St. Louis police gas, slug and pistol a mob of hungry unemployed into dispersing.

An idle discussion ensued on what to do if we suddenly parted company with our jobs. Springtime having brought to the surface the gypsy in my heart, I suggested it should be easy to turn carnival concessionaire and enjoy a profitable summer touring the wide open spaces.

“People can always find money for amusement,” I reasoned. “Also, the carnival is a fertile field for the exercise of advertising brains. They haven’t had a new idea since substituting milk

By
PAUL JENNINGS

*Illustrations by
Paul Brown*

bottles for baby-doll targets in the baseball-throwing game. A new game would clean up. The public is apathetic toward the old familiar catch-penny devices.”

Speculating further, we agreed that such a game must qualify as a test of skill to meet the most stern anti-gambling ordinances, and that the players would prefer prizes of groceries rather than kewpie dolls. Above all, it should in some way be identified with a current happening of universal interest that was getting front page newspaper publicity. In short, effect a tie-in with a million dollars’ worth of free advertising.

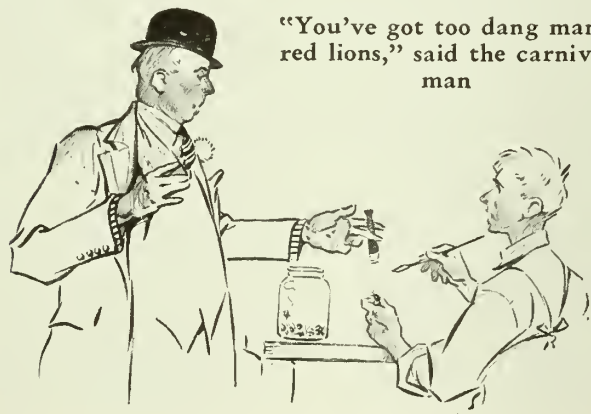
“Something like this crazy lion hunt that is going on,” Hervey commented.

We looked at each other and gasped—we had it!

This Missouri lion hunt was the sole topic of public and private conversation at the time. It started when a St. Louis manufacturer and hunting enthusiast had an irresistible impulse to slay a lion. For one reason or another he couldn’t go to Africa to gratify his whim. Ergo, he would bring Africa to him. He would buy a couple of lions, release them on Missouri soil, and track ‘em down.

Naturally, this proposal created a tremendous furore. The press, humane society, the police and even tiny tots objected en masse. But the doughty hunter went stubbornly ahead, bought a pair of decrepit lions from a stranded circus, turned them loose on a Mississippi River island, and returned to the mainland for a bit of lunch before starting the safari. This was a tactical error. In his absence, the sheriff and his deputies rowed to the island

**“You’ve got too dang many
red lions,” said the carnival
man**



MISSOURI HUNT



and machine-gunned the lions, thereby keeping their oath to prevent the hunt. Even the depression was forgotten in the repercussions that followed.

With this as a starting point, Hervey and I developed an idea that was not only novel, but startling as well. It so fascinated us that the desire to try it out became an obsession.

"But who can we get to run the contraption for us?" Hervey asked.

That was easy, since half of my acquaintances were jobless. From them I selected a promising young architect whose career had collapsed with the boom. He not only was "desperate and would do anything," but was doubly qualified in that we needed technical assistance to materialize our brain child.

So we got hold of the architect, whom we'll call Henry. He too was enthusiastic, not so much because an income was in prospect, but because building the thing intrigued his inventive mind. He was to get half the profits, while Hervey and I would donate the necessary capital.

Soon we had plans on paper. The Great Missouri Lion Hunt would be housed in a square booth having a counter on all four sides. In the center of the booth would be a table, with a 3-inch glass "fence" around the edges to keep the lions from escaping. In this enclosure were arranged twenty lion traps, similar to the container portion of a safety-match box. One end of the inverted box was hinged to the table top. A thread attached to the other end led up through a tiny pulley suspended over the table, and thence to a lever on the counter. By manipulating the lever, the trap could be raised and lowered at will.

In the exact center of the circle of traps was the Lion Den, an inverted aluminum bowl. When twenty cash customers were

stationed at the twenty levers, the lions would be released from their lair to gallop madly about. The first customer to trip his trap and catch a lion beneath it won.

The lions? Shiny black beetles, scientifically classified as *Calasoma something-or-other* by Hervey. And could they run!

We preferred cockroaches, but found them to surpass the fox in wariness and cunning. We caught a few with a miniature teeter-totter device whereby Mr. Cockroach walked a plank into the mouth of a mason jar, the plank going up after he stepped off into the bottle, preventing his escape. But the others caught on shortly and gave the apparatus a wide berth.

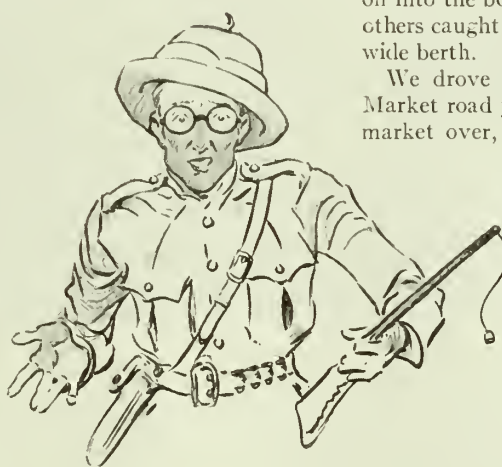
We drove into the country over a Farm-to-Market road you had better not take any eggs to market over, to what Hervey said was an ideal

hunting ground. It was the slope of a high railroad embankment. He was right; under each stone and log were hidden one or more strapping black beetles. We pursued, caught and popped them into glass jars at a fast rate. That is, Hervey did. When a section hand came along with a copperhead he had found sunning itself nearby I lost my enthusiasm and left.

Next we contacted the owner of a small carnival located on a vacant lot in a factory district. For ten dollars a week he would lease us a plot on the midway near the merry-go-round. The price in-

cluded electricity, we to provide the necessary light bulbs and fuse box—and it would be smart to tip the carnival electrician a dollar for hooking us to the main circuit.

For prizes we negotiated with a wholesale grocer in the neighborhood whose brands were cheap. After (Continued on page 40)



"My friends would razz me to death," he said. "I can't afford to be a laughing stock"

COLMERY *of* KANSAS

By
**ALEXANDER
GARDINER**



HARRY W. COLMERY

As a boy in North Braddock, Pennsylvania, in the late nineties, and as short-stop on the baseball team at Oberlin College



BEING under-sized is likely to make or break a boy, in almost any environment. It made Harry Colmery, for in the steel mill town of western Pennsylvania where he grew up and where they still know him affectionately as Shorty he had to prove he was able to take it while dishing it out in the time-honored American custom of fisticuffs. It was just about then that the bigger fellows stopped trying to pick on him. In a few years the natural process of growth, with a lot of help from participation in competitive athletics, gave him the sturdy, well knit frame and at least average height that makes it hard to believe anybody could have thought him an easy mark. But the spirit of combativeness that these early experiences aroused, the willingness to battle for what he believes to be right, is still the dominant characteristic of the National Commander of The American Legion. That and a fine capacity for making and keeping friends.

It has been a distinguished career that the new chief of the Legion has carved out for himself in three zones of endeavor that have overlapped one another. The same energy and forthright directness that before his election had made him known throughout the Departments as one of the keenest minds in the Legion had in the job of making a living brought him from the public schools of North Braddock, Pennsylvania, on through Oberlin College and the University of Pittsburgh, to become one of the most noted lawyers in Kansas, with the distinction of having won several cases at the bar of the United States Supreme Court. Bound in with these careers has been that of captain in the Aviation Section of the Reserve Corps, following his wartime service as pilot and instructor in the Air Service.

In and through these several activities of the overlapping careers Harry Colmery has shown a tireless devotion to the things in which he believes and a natural ability to make and keep friends. The Legion knows him particularly as the Chairman for two years, 1931-'33, of its National Legislative Committee, during which time the Congress enacted the fifty percent loan

act in the matter of the Adjusted Compensation certificates and even more important than this, established the principle, in the Rogers Act of March 4, 1931, of building hospitals and homes for non-service-connected cases. With that principle established through this act, which appropriated \$20,877,000 for hospital construction, Congress has subsequently appropriated as much more for the same purpose. Truly the ex-service men of the nation owe Harry Colmery a great debt, for this successful fight for additional beds brought an end to an era of disgraceful, callous disregard for the veteran who was sick and unable to pay for treatment of ills that in the vast majority of cases had their inception back in war days.

There never has been any doubt about Harry Colmery's courage, but this trait reached new heights when at Cleveland he told the delegates who had just named him National Commander by acclamation that in the past we of the Legion have had a tendency "to stick our nose into other people's business instead of keeping within the confines of the Legion's program." He followed this up with a ringing

declaration in the November *National Legionnaire* under the title "Let's Be American" which set forth the fact that the Legion is pledged to uphold *all* of the Constitution of the United States and not merely those sections of the Bill of Rights that happen to please it.

The guarantees of free speech, free press, peaceable assembly and petition for redress of grievances, Colmery declared, are the most American things in the Constitution, and interference with their operation plays into the hands of communists or fascists, or both. Read that Colmery declaration again. It is as fundamentally sound under the system of American democracy as the deathless words of Voltaire to Helvetius a hundred and fifty years ago: "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it." The election returns of November 3d last proved by the ridiculously small communist vote that there may be too much worrying over a red revolution in this country.

A public speaker of winning charm and the ability to convince, Harry Colmery has shown himself also an organizer and builder—and a good sport. On his accession in 1926 to the presidency of the Topeka Chamber of Commerce he found the organization in debt, and took it out of the red. Three years later he faced a



Mrs. Colmery and the rest of the family in their home at Topeka, Mary Caroline sitting in front of Sarah Elizabeth, and Harry Walter, Jr. Below, the National Commander as a wartime pilot

similar situation as the Commander of the Legion's Department of Kansas and again was successful in wiping out the indebtedness. When in a memorable battle at the St. Louis Convention in 1935 Ray Murphy defeated him for the National Commandership Colmery not only gathered a group of Kansas Legionnaires and took them to the Murphy homecoming celebration at Ida Grove, Iowa, but showed he was first and last a working Legionnaire by taking the job of membership chairman of his home post in Topeka, Capitol Post No. 1. He sent the membership soaring. From this post, by the way, came Ralph T. (Dyke) O'Neil to head the Legion during 1930-'31. Harry Colmery was O'Neil's campaign manager and Harry's subsequent elevation to the biggest job in the Legion constitutes a record which very likely will not be matched by any other post during the next seventy-odd years that life insurance actuaries allot to the Legion as a going concern.

When Frank McFarland of Topeka nominated Harry Colmery at Cleveland and called him "the All-America Legionnaire," reciting his record of service to the nation and the Legion in Utah and in five other States numerous delegates, in a bantering mood, called attention to the fact that Harry had hunted or



fished or otherwise comported himself in their particular State. They might have made the roll a bit more extensive, for in Legion service alone Colmery had journeyed to no less than twenty-two Departments before his election at Cleveland. In his speech accepting the responsibility of National Commander he acknowledged

that despite his having made the rounds, "I ain't seen nothin' yet."

The capacity for friendship has had a determining effect on the National Commander's career, which began December 11, 1890, in the little borough of North Braddock, Pennsylvania, where in 1755 the defeat of the British regulars under General Edward Braddock in the French and Indian War's most bloody engagement brought to the fore the military genius of George Washington.

Ten miles east of Pittsburgh, the town was growing fast as a result of the emergence of that city as the hub of the American steel industry under the bounding energy of Andrew Carnegie, H. C. Frick and others whose names have become household words in the industrial history of America. Harry was the third child and second son of Walter Scott Colmery (Continued on page 54)

FIRST -



Dear Comrade:

At the request of the Department Adjutant, by request of the National Legislative Committee, I am requesting you to request your Congressman to vote for the bill providing for the Universal Draft in time of war.

Will you please comply with this request?

Yours for The American Legion,
JOE DURP,
Post Adjutant

Dear Congressman:

As a man who served in the Navy in the last war—at least I hope it was the last—I am writing to request you to vote for the bill providing for the Universal Draft, as advocated by The American Legion, in case my hope should be hopeless.

Hoping you will do so,
Very truly yours,
JUSTIN X. GOBB

My dear Mr. Gobb:

I have your letter of recent date, and assure you that the matter referred to therein will receive my very careful consideration.

I am always delighted to hear from my constituents and want you to feel at all times free to write me or to call to see me. I assure you it is a pleasure for me. I desire only to serve the United States and our great State.

Yours truly,
CON S. TITUENCY
Representative in Congress

Dear Congressman:

Having said you would carefully consider the matter about which I wrote you, and having now had a month in which to do the considering, may I ask what conclusion you have come to?

Very truly yours,
JUSTIN X. GOBB

Dear Mr. Gobb:

I have your recent letter, and while I find a copy of my letter to you in my files, unfortunately I seem to have mislaid your original letter. The copy of my

letter gives me no information as to the subject matter of our correspondence.

Yours truly,
CON S. TITUENCY

Dear Congressman:

The copy of your letter which you have must be a correct copy, because the original, which I duly received, gave me no information on the subject matter either.

So that you may know what we are corresponding about, it is the bill for the Universal Draft now before Congress.

Very truly yours,
JUSTIN X. GOBB

My dear Mr. Gobb:

I have your letter of recent date, and assure you that the matter referred to therein will receive my very careful consideration.

I am always delighted to hear from my constituents and want you to feel at all times free to write me or to call to see me. I assure you it is a pleasure for me. I desire only to serve the United States and our great State.

Yours truly,
CON S. TITUENCY

Dear Congressman:

Thank you for your last letter. Being exactly the same as the first one you wrote to me we are now back where we started from, except that I am out some postage. I notice from your envelopes that you do not have to pay any postage.

I enclose herewith a copy of the first letter which I wrote to you in order that we may begin all over again.

Very truly yours,
JUSTIN X. GOBB

P.S.: Could you tell me how I could obtain some of the envelopes like you use where you don't have to pay any postage,

so I could use them in writing to you, because we are both writing about the same thing? It seems funny that I should be paying postage and you not when we are writing about the same thing. At least I hope we are writing about the same thing. I am sure I am.

Hoping you are the same,
JUSTIN X. GOBB

Dear Congressman:

In the past two months I have written you several letters concerning a matter of vital importance to the veterans of this country and I am still without any definite information from you upon the subject. May I urge that you kindly write to me about it?

Very truly yours,
JUSTIN X. GOBB

Dear Mr. Gobb:

In reply to your recent letter concerning the matter of vital importance to the veterans, I am very, very glad to advise you that Congress has passed the act providing for the immediate payment of the balance of the bonus certificates, and that I was very, very glad to vote for the bill, as you will see from the record of votes in the House.

Yours truly,
CON S. TITUENCY

Dear Congressman:

I looked at the record of votes in the House and am very, very glad to see you did vote for the bill providing for the immediate payment of the balance of the Adjusted Compensation Certificates, but the record did not disclose how very, very glad you were to do it. But I am willing to take your word for this.

But that was not what I wrote you about. What I wrote about was the

CLASS MAIL

Universal Draft. Being a veteran, I am much interested in this particular subject.

Very truly yours,
JUSTIN X. GOBB

Dear Mr. Gobb:

Thank you very much for your recent letter. I only hope that you will convey to all your comrades and friends just how I stood upon this important issue. I want you and them to know that I always desire to be of service.

Yours truly,
CON S. TITUENCY

Dear Congressman:

Your letter received. Are you still talking about the Adjusted Service Certificates or has Congress had a secret vote on the Universal Draft which I did not know of, not having seen anything in the papers about it? Very truly yours,

JUSTIN X. GOBB

Dear Mr. Gobb:

I have your recent letter and beg to inform you that Congress has no secret votes. The law does not permit it nor would I ever stand for such a thing. I want everyone to know plainly, definitely and promptly how I stand on every issue.

Yours truly,
CON S. TITUENCY

Dear Congressman:

Your last letter has just been received, and I am glad to read what you say about wanting everyone to know where you stand. I want to know that too.

I did not mean to insinuate that Congress was pulling anything over or anything, and I hope that you did not think that was what I meant. If so, I apologize.

But how about the Universal Draft?

Very truly yours,
JUSTIN X. GOBB

Dear Mr. Gobb:

I am very glad to have your recent letter. I felt quite sure you did not mean to cast any aspersions upon the members of Congress, most of whom I know personally and intimately because of my long service in the House, and who I am quite sure are animated by the highest and most unselfish motives, despite some opinion to the contrary.

In your letter you mentioned something about the Universal Draft, so I take it you are interested in that matter. So I am glad to inform you that a bill has been introduced in Congress at this session upon that very subject.

Trusting that this is the information you desire,

Yours truly,
CON S. TITUENCY.



Dear Comrade:

Some time ago I sent a letter to every member of this Post asking that he communicate with the Congressman from this District with reference to the passage of the Universal Draft Act but so far I have received no information that it has been done by any member. If you have not already done so, PLEASE DO SO IMMEDIATELY.

Congressmen throughout the country are replying to letters from members of the Legion, accord- (Continued on page 51)





The Cave Creek Veteran Colony is a pretty stark affair. A newcomer will need money, courage, persistence — and lots of luck

TUMBLEWEED

By Irving Jennings

As Told to
FREDERICK C. PAINTON

WITH sympathy in his heart and kindness in his eyes the Middle West physician took his stethoscope from the singing lungs of the half-naked, middle-aged man who watched him with such desperate hope. The doctor didn't need the confirmation of lung sounds; the ominously high color, the rapid loss of weight in this ex-soldier, and the deep, wet cough had told him the truth almost at once.

"It's active pulmonary tuberculosis, Joe," the physician said. "Only one lung is involved now, but it's getting worse. You've got to get out of this damp, cold climate."

Joe Stephens (which is not his real name) went sick inside. He thought of Mary, his wife; he thought of the kids, Junior, Steve, Ellen, Margaret and Rose. He thought of the months on relief when there had been no work, and now when he could have a job he was too sick to hold it. For their sakes he must get well. Must.

"I was a machine-gunner once, Doc," he said. "Give it to me straight. Have I got a chance?"

"The hot, dry desert of Arizona has dried up a lot of T. B., Joe. If you go out there, keep mentally tranquil, get lots of rest and good food, I'd say you had a very good chance."

With a sudden warm wish to help this gaunt veteran, the physician consulted the records, checking back over the time he had known Joe Stephens. Finally he shook his head. "This has come on you in the last four years, Joe, so there's no chance of getting government compensation for it. And the Economy Act stopped payment to tuberculous veterans who got sick after the war."

He paused. Then: "But you are entitled to hospital treatment. Why don't you go alone out there and enter a hospital?"

Joe turned fiercely. "And leave my wife and kids? And worry whether they were eating? Doc, they're all I've got. I need them and they need me."

"Well," said the physician, "you've got your bonus money, haven't you? That will finance your trip out, and after a while you should be able to do light work."

Hope flared in Joe's eyes. He didn't know and neither did the physician that there is virtually no light work in Arizona; that the State has few industries; that there is only desert and irrigated farm land and all the work is hard. Joe went home to tell Mary.

She listened, worn, tired hands resting in the lap of her ragged print dress, her ill-nourished body stooped, her face pale, the only youth of her left shining in her eyes when she looked at Joe. To her the problem was simple; if Joe could get well in Arizona then to Arizona they must go, and a body could thank God the ad-



justed compensation bonds were here to pay the costs. Eagerly they prepared for departure, for somehow in that promised land of sunshine Joe would get quickly well, find a job, and they would all be happy once more.

After the debts had been paid, and a rattle-trap car without a top and without paint had been purchased for twenty-five dollars there was little enough money left. But one morning, the kids in the back, Joe behind the wheel, they headed west (not one Joe Stephens, but hundreds, arriving in Arizona at the rate of fifty a month).

The car panted across Illinois, the Mississippi, Missouri, the Kansas prairie lands. Boiled over the mountains at La Junta and Raton. The weird, savagely beautiful mesas of New Mexico, and then across the Great Continental Divide. They dropped down to the desert, saw giant cacti. The promised land at last!

Joe rolled the car into the pleasantly green irrigated districts of Salt River Valley with ten cents left. They were all hungry.

THEY come by the hundreds from almost everywhere, these sick World War veterans who think Arizona's marvelous climate will not only make them well and strong but at the same time provide for their families. It just can't be done

The kids cried for food; Mary wept from fear and Joe felt the lonely, desperate melancholy of a stranger in a strange land. A drifter! A bit of tumbleweed, blown by the breath of hope to the sunshine of the Southwest. They had to eat, to find some shelter.

Joe had his American Legion card—queerly enough all the drifters did—so he sought the Legion Department headquarters in the Capitol Annex; and the traffic cop said the Legion helped guys like Joe. He faced E. P. MacDowell, Department Adjutant, and told his tale.

Joe was nothing new in Mac's life; Joe's kind came and went, day after day, year after year, only since the payment of the adjusted compensation there were more and more Joes so that the load was heavier than it had been in four years. Only in the earlier days the disabled veteran had come alone or possibly with

his wife while now these new drifters had families of kids, three, four, five and six, and sometimes seven and eight. Which made the problem of handling them tough.

It was easy for Mac to meet the present necessity. To handle the Joes and Marys and kids who arrive daily—552 families in 1935 from forty-two States—the Arizona Department had an emergency relief fund, \$2,000 from the National Rehabilitation Committee, \$2,000 from The American Legion Auxiliary, and \$6,500 from the State of Arizona, only this last sum could be used only to aid destitute Arizona veterans and not Joe Stephens. Joe got his requisition for groceries, for temporary lodgement. But this did not solve the problem of Joe and his kind; you couldn't live permanently off the emergency fund. What was to be done?

Joe needed hospitalization, for the trip had worn him out. There was a bed vacant in the Tucson government hospital. That took care of Joe. But what of Joe's family? Not having lived in Arizona a year they were not entitled to state aid. The five kids needed Mary all day, every day, so she could not do part-time work even if a job could be found. There was no solution to this increasing problem in Arizona.

Mac said to Joe: "We'll have to send your wife and children back, Joe. In your home town they are entitled to relief. I know it's tough to separate you from your family. But won't you be better off in the hospital knowing that back there they'll get food and shelter, while if they stay here there is no way to care for them?"

Mac knew it was, or seemed, cruel; but already in Arizona there were 8,000 disabled veterans of whom only 3,450 received government compensation, and the State could do no more than it was doing. Mary and the five children journeyed by train back to their home town, and Joe went to Tucson, bitter and lonely . . .

Two years later he got news: His T. B. was arrested, he could be discharged, but if he wished to prevent a recurrence and another breakdown he was advised to remain in Arizona as long as he lived.

What could the Legion do for Joe Stephens now?

Jobs were scarce in Arizona and fiercely competed for by veteran and non-veteran who had to stay in the State or die. Joe turned again to MacDowell. All the Joes always did, which made the problem tougher.

Mac said, "Well, Joe, we can send you to the CCC camp below Tucson. You'll get thirty dollars a month, which with what your home-town relief gives the family ought to help."

"But I want them here," Joe said. (Continued on page 58)

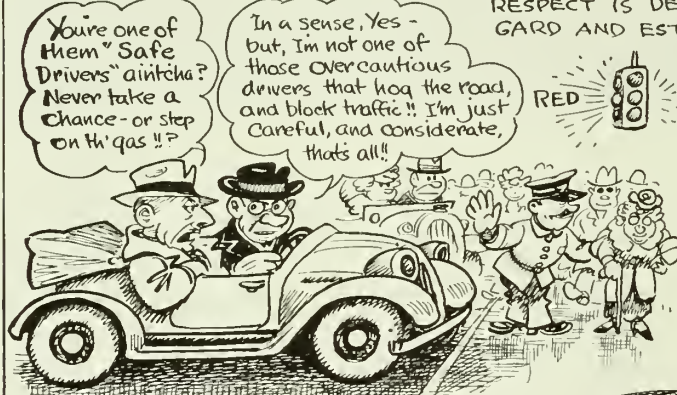
GENERAL ORDERS FOR 1937

Wally's Annual Sermon

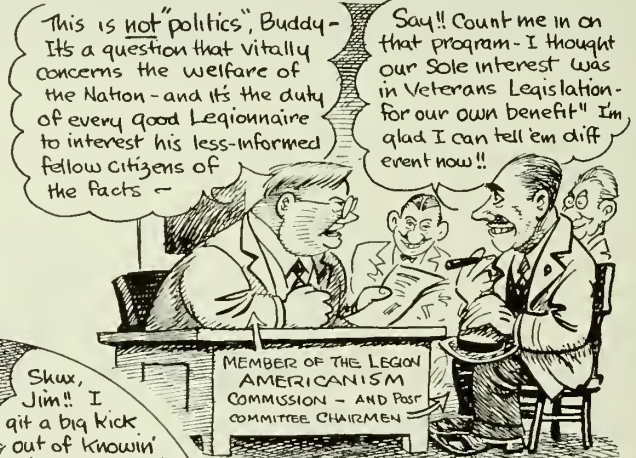
MAKE A NEW YEARS RESOLUTION TO OBEY, TO THE BEST OF YOUR ABILITY, THESE RULES OF LIFE, AS PERTAINING TO PEACE, PROSPERITY, AND "THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS," BY ADOPTING THIS NEW SET OF 'GENERAL ORDERS,' WHICH WE OUTLINE HERewith FOR YOUR EARNEST CONSIDERATION. - (SEE IF YOU CAN MEMORIZE, AND REPEAT THEM, AS WELL AS YOU DID YOUR "GENERAL ORDERS FOR SENTINELS ON POST" ALMOST TWENTY YEARS AGO)



GENERAL ORDER No. 1 - TO SO LIVE MY LIFE THAT MY OWN SELF-RESPECT IS DESERVED, AND JUSTIFIED BY THE MEASURE OF REGARD AND ESTEEM EXTENDED ME BY MY FELLOW MAN.



GENERAL ORDER No. 2 - TO DRIVE MY AUTOMOBILE SAFELY, WITH CAUTION, AND DUE REGARD FOR THE LIVES, AND PROPERTY, OF OTHERS, AS WELL AS FOR ME - AND MINE.



GENERAL ORDER No. 3 - TO TRY TO BECOME A BETTER CITIZEN - BY CONTINUING IN THE LEGION, AND DOING ALL IN MY POWER TO CARRY OUT THE PRECEPTS OF ITS CONSTITUTION, AND BY - LAWS.



GENERAL ORDER No. 5 - TO SAFEGUARD THE FUTURE OF THE LEGION BY ENROLLING MY MALE OFFSPRING IN THE "SONS OF THE LEGION" - AND TO URGE MY MOTHER, SISTERS, WIFE, AND DAUGHTERS, TO JOIN THE A. L. AUXILIARY.



GENERAL ORDER No. 4 - TO DEVOTE AS MUCH TIME AS I CAN SPARE TO ACTIVE PARTICIPATION IN ALL MY LEGION POST AFFAIRS, BY REGULAR ATTENDANCE - AND A "PAID-UP" MEMBERSHIP.



GENERAL ORDER No. 6 - TO OBSERVE THE GOLDEN RULE - "TO DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU." - AND LIVE UP TO IT, "WITH MALICE TOWARDS NONE, AND CHARITY TOWARDS ALL" - BE TOLERANT IN ALL THINGS.

(NO KIDDIN')

FOR a RED, WHITE and BLUE LEGION

THE heading "Veteran Steals Wash from Line" and others like it got to be a tolerably familiar newspaper phenomenon in the years immediately following the war. It was regularly greeted by non-wash-stealing veterans with a sardonic chuckle that had in it a note of futile exasperation and was accompanied by a few soldier cusswords. (Or they may have been sailor cusswords—the vocabularies resemble each other closely in more emotional moments.)

Now if a newspaper said that somebody stole the wash and added that the somebody was a veteran, the newspaper was probably correct. Newspapers are accurate most of the time, and the people who believe them most implicitly are the very people who say, "You can't believe anything you see in the newspapers." But the paper that headlined the larcenous veteran might equally have called him a plasterer, a Mohammedan, the local checker champion, or an authority on Etruscan tear-jugs, assuming he was, as he might have been, all those things in addition to being a veteran. Why, then, pick on the fact that he was a veteran, to the exclusion of all his other distinctions?

The answer to that is more flattering than at first appears. The veteran angle was played up because being a veteran meant something, and still does. It was a distinction, and it still is. The veteran was supposed to be endowed with such faith in the foundations of his country that it was a special enormity if a veteran stole the laundry from the line or filched the milk from the doorstep. For the veteran was the very personification of law and order.

THERE were other headlines from time to time that were not quite so flattering—and often not so accurate. "Legionnaires Boo Wagnerian Opera." "Legion Post Prevents Kreisler from Playing"—and in another city Kreisler played under the auspices of the local Legion post. "Legionnaires Break Up Red Meeting." The implication in every instance was that the booing and the preventing and the breaking up were officially sponsored and carried out by the local Legion organization. Rarely was the effort made to secure an authoritative statement from Legion officials. If one Legionnaire was present (and sometimes he was and sometimes he wasn't) he was enough to make it an all-Legion party. And the impression got around the country, and is still all too generally held, that in many communities The American Legion, far from standing for law and order, was taking the law into its own hands and tossing order to the four winds.

Now let's not kid ourselves. Too often the local post *was* involved in these un-American activities. Too often, in instances where it was not officially involved as a post, it failed to repudiate the overzealousness of misguided individual Legionnaires who had become involved on their own responsibility. And isolated as these ruckuses were, they were sufficiently notorious to taint the whole organization. All but a tiny fraction of the whole membership of The American Legion has carried on loyally, honestly, faithfully—and has earned not the credit it

deserves, but the discredit of the bad boys, the hell-raisers, the busters-up and the tearers-down.

It's going to stop. The National Commander has given the command "Let's be American!" In a statement that has been carried widely in the nation's press and has received wholehearted applause from newspapers which by no stretch of any sane imagination can be denominated red sympathizers, he has declared in words that can admit of no misinterpretation:

Americanism, TRUE Americanism, means acceptance of and adherence to ALL of the principles and institutions of our American form of Government. We cannot accept only those which coincide with our individual point of view and violate those which do not; and we MUST NOT resort to force to suppress persons or groups whose opinions differ from our own. That is the very essence of UN-AMERICANISM.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees freedom of religion, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, and the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and it declares that Congress shall not make any law prohibiting or abridging the free exercise of these sound principles. They are the most American thing in the Constitution. Without these wise provisions, we would have no democratic government; indeed, history tells us we would have had no United States of America.

It is the sworn obligation of every member of The American Legion to uphold and defend these principles as faithfully, as courageously, and as impartially as every other article of the Constitution. We must not deny the right of free speech or peaceable assembly to any person or any group, not even to those whose theories we despise. Our country has enjoyed a greater degree of progress, our people have been blessed by more happiness than any other country or people on earth because this Government has maintained the principles of freedom and liberty. We must not do anything to undermine them, however well intended our motives may be.

The constructive record of accomplishment of The American Legion during the past seventeen years has been too fine an achievement to be vitiated and set at naught by the unintelligent un-Americanism of a few boob button-wearers. The day for complaisant acquiescence with their carryings-on is past. It is to be hoped that every member of the organization will heed the National Commander's forthright words. Their meaning is unmistakable. Let every post, therefore, see to it that in its own community Americanism will in future mean real Americanism, and not one of the imported strong-arm isms that are so loathsome and repugnant to all that America stands for.

At the Cleveland National Convention last September the Legion passed a resolution ringing with righteous anger requesting the press of the country to use the term "Black Legion," and not merely "Legion," in headlines and news stories whenever it referred to that one-hundred percent un-American organization. Let it be said here that the press generally was already alive to the potentialities of the implication and was using the color designation whenever the mechanics of headline writing permitted, and that it has since shown a consistent sympathy with the attitude of The American Legion. That particular problem doesn't seem to be anything to worry about in the future. We have now only to get and keep our own house in order—to show America that The American Legion itself has a color scheme of which it is proud: the red, white and blue.

You just CAN'T



By
James C. Hendy

VOICES, muffled as though they came from a great distance, were penetrating his brain. At first it was just a jumble of sound but then as he slowly regained consciousness the unintelligible words began to make sense.

"I don't see how we can save the leg, doctor," someone was saying. "It looks like a hopeless case to me; not only has gangrene set in but a goodly portion of his hip has been blown away and his leg is just peppered with shrapnel."

"You are right," a second voice replied, "but I always dislike seeing a man lose a leg. Especially a youngster like this. Sometimes I wonder whether it wouldn't be better if they never recovered. You may proceed with the operation."

That was all that Mervyn (Red) Dutton, fiery-thatched manager of the New York Americans, needed to bring him fully to his senses. He began to realize that it was *his* leg which the two surgeons were discussing and that in a few minutes, unless he did something, he would be crippled for life.

"Just a minute, doc!" he cried, struggling to one elbow. "If it's my leg you are figuring on sawing off I would much rather take my chances with gangrene and everything which I may have to face. If you cut off my leg I will never be able to skate again

and if I can't skate I'll never be a hockey player and to me that would be worse than death."

"The doctors," Dutton said when pressed for details, "looked pityingly down at me and finally decided they would not amputate if I was willing to take the chance. They carved away the bad flesh and took out half of the shrapnel which had entered my leg. They managed to stop the spread of gangrene, but to make sure they hoisted my leg up to a thirty degree angle and for fourteen months I lay on a cot with my leg up above my head. No one thought I would ever be able to walk again without the aid of crutches, but I fooled them."

"Seventeen months later I was discharged and found that I could barely use either leg, but I was still hopeful, and after another year of careful nursing once more put on a pair of steel blades. The next two years saw me playing amateur hockey day and night. When I say that I mean it, because at one time I was a member of five different clubs and not only played in all the scheduled games but tried to make every practice."

"Two years later when Calgary entered a club in the Western Canada League I knew I had won my battle the day I was offered a contract to play professional hockey."

Dutton went over with the Princess Pats and is one of the few members of this gallant outfit still alive. Up to the time of receiving the wounds which put him out for the rest of the war he had begun to believe that he bore a charmed life and would be back in Canada in good shape for the hockey wars.

KILL 'EM



As of today and in 1918, left to right, Ching Johnson, Bill Cook, Rabbit McVeigh, Bill Brydgc, Helge Bostrom and Red Dutton, veterans all

"My luck ran out when a shell dropped within a few yards of me and ripped off a large chunk of my right hip," he relates. "Blood was pouring from the wound and I couldn't move, but soon afterwards the stretcher-bearers came up, piled me onto a stretcher and started back to the rear. We had not progressed very far when shells started whining overhead too close for comfort. The boys who were carrying me couldn't find a hole to shove me into so they lowered the stretcher to the ground and ducked for a shell hole. Again the enemy aim was good, in fact it was almost perfect, the shell landing right near us. Nearly all of the boys around me were wounded and I received my quota of shrapnel."

While Dutton's wounds were probably more serious than those suffered by any of the other players who returned from overseas and were able to continue their puck-chasing careers, only too many hockey stars failed to return at all.

Players who took part in the greatest game of all, the war to end all wars as it was so humorously called, are rapidly disappearing from the sports world. In fact ice hockey is the only professional game which still boasts a number of active stars who answered the call to arms.

Bill Cook, Lorne Chabot, Ching Johnson, Rabbit McVeigh, Helge Bostrom and Red Dutton complete the roll of honor of those players who were still huddled under blankets on the

players' bench of professional clubs at the start of this season awaiting the word to leap the boards and take up their positions on the ice just as they had awaited the word to go over the top nearly twenty years before on the Western Front. Another veteran, Bill Brydgc, for many years a star defense man with Toronto Maple Leafs, Detroit Red Wings and New York Americans, retired from the game shortly before the end of last season.

It is possible that this will be the last campaign for most, if not all, of the above players. Dutton is now well established as the manager of the New York Americans. Last season saw him acting as player manager of the star-spangled sextet for the first time and he brought them into the play-offs for the Stanley Cup, something which no one else had been able to do since 1928-29 when Tommie Gorman, the pride of Ottawa, was equally successful. But while Gorman's club was eliminated in the first elimination series, the Americans under Dutton's leadership battled their way through to the semi-finals with the Toronto Maple Leafs before bowing.

Dutton must have fought as he plays. But then this is true of all the veterans still in hockey. Every one of these men has courage and spirit beyond that of the average man. They never know when they are licked and that is one of the reasons most of them are still in action. Dutton ceased to be a top-notch defense man two years ago, but his will to win has meant more to his club than the mechanically perfect playing of other players.

When Red is on the ice he seems to be able to lend the spark to the boys which sends them on to play far above their heads. Sometimes he boils over and finds himself the center of a free-for-all, but this just makes life much more (Continued on page 50)

By Alexander
Sprunt, Jr.


MILES

wide range between the fastest and slowest fliers, of course, but the great middle class, so to speak, falls far short in actuality of the speed which has been credited to them for generations.

Although man has long studied the mechanics of flight as illustrated by these absolute masters of it, and while he has learned much from them, it is safe to say that as far as solving the mystery satisfactorily is concerned, only the fringes have been touched. A bird's wing is still the ideal and unmatched tool of efficiency in the air; a bird's tail is still the perfect rudder and its body the perfect example of a streamlined, non-resistant solid for aerial navigation.

Attempts have been made to produce a plane with wings which flap. It seemed logical that a wing, to perform its function satisfactorily, should move up and down, but success in this endeavor has not been attained. Many birds can soar for long periods of time on rigid pinions, but eventually they must flap—or come down. Despite human failures to match the performance of our feathered preceptors, some enthusiasts, quite carried away with the accomplishment of some hitherto unperformed

The duck hawk attains a speed of nearly 200 miles an hour when it swoops down on its quarry



LOOK at that bully go—I'll bet he's doing ninety miles an hour!" So exclaimed my companion as we paddled down a long canal in a Carolina ricefield. There had been a slight commotion in the still water some distance ahead of us; a small flock of widgeon had risen into the air, and wheeling in a wide circle, had passed us on the wings of the wind, the leader several yards in advance of his fellows.

The duck was speedy certainly, but he was not doing ninety miles an hour or anything like it. Though my incredulous companion scoffed at the idea, and firmly held to his original estimate, the widgeon was very probably not making more than half that speed. As is nearly always the case, the velocity was overestimated.

How fast do birds fly? The question, asked times without number, is still unanswered as far as the vast majority of questioners are concerned. A good reply might be, "Not as fast as you think they do." Such an answer is perfectly true, if lacking in conciseness. There is no doubt that the ancients wondered about it; anyone who has watched a bird fly, whether a student of ornithology or a casual observer, will have speculated, idly or seriously, as to how fast it was traveling. The ancients had no way of arriving at any definite conclusion, and it is only in very recent years that anything like accuracy has entered into this most fascinating field of study.

The result has been surprising and, to many enthusiastic guessers, highly disappointing. Birds do not fly so very fast after all, at least measured by man's standards of speed. There is a

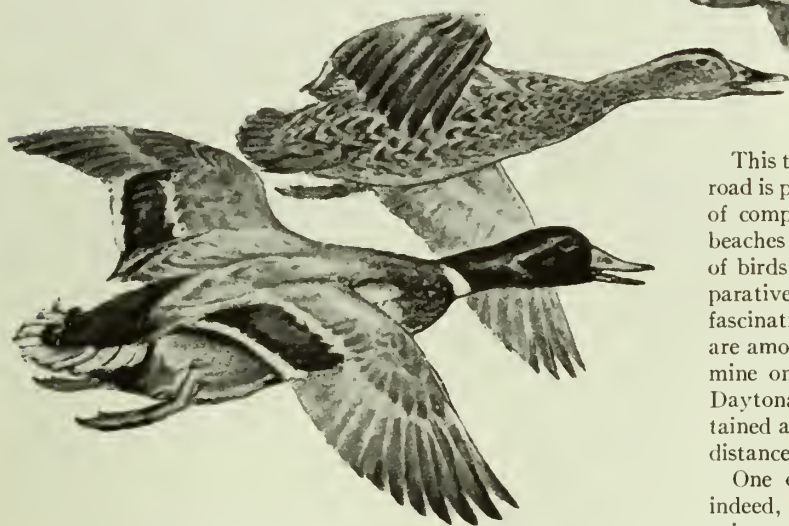
feat of a plane, have declared that the birds have been beaten at their own game. They say that man has gone them one better. But man will never go the birds one better, and, as a matter of fact, will never even be nearly so efficient in the air.

I shall never forget a picture I once saw in a nationally-known newspaper which showed an airplane, piloted by a navy flier, which was speeding along upside down in the air. Under it was

PER HOUR

WHICH travels faster, an express train or a canvasback—an airplane or a duck-hawk? Is the flight of birds as rapid as we think it is? And if you compiled a list of the ten swiftest-flying birds what would it show? Try it, and then read Mr. Sprunt's article

a caption which exulted in the statement that here was a feat impossible for any bird to perform. Whoever wrote that caption would probably have been surprised had he been in a dug-out canoe with me one day in a Carolina cypress swamp. I was watching the breath-taking aerial evolutions of a flock of wood ibises, those great snowy storks of the southern seaboard. There were incredible side-slips, nose-dives, tail-spins following each other in rapid succession, and at intervals an ibis would wheel over on its back and sail for some distance upside down. That same caption-writer had evidently never seen a pair of eagles indulging in combat, playful or serious, above a vast salt marsh, but I have, and I have seen them fly upside down. No, we have not gone the birds one better yet. Except in the single detail of speed. How fast, then, do birds fly?



One afternoon I was driving along the hard-packed sands of an ocean beach near my home. Some distance ahead, feeding at the edge of the surf, was a small flock of sandpipers. A light breeze was blowing from behind and as I drew abreast of the busy little waders I leaned out and waved my hand. They sprang into the air, and wheeling out over the surf, paralleled the beach and flew steadily along. I glanced at the speedometer as I kept pace with them, and found that it registered 31 miles an hour. It is a good speedometer and has been tested for accuracy periodically. We all maintained this speed for some hundreds of yards, then I touched the horn a time or two and waved again. The sandpipers at once accelerated, and drawing abreast once more I saw that our speed was now 43 miles. Again I blew and shouted, but no increase was noted. For fully a mile we cruised along together, then I slowed down and the little fliers shot on.



*Illustration
by
Paul Bransom*

This timing of bird speed by speedometer on a beach or straight road is possible to anyone interested in the matter, without the use of complicated instruments. More and more of the Southern beaches are becoming available to motorists, and the abundance of birds, the delightful smoothness of the surface and the comparative freedom from annoying traffic make the experiment a fascinating one. The curlews which are frequently encountered are among the fast travelers of the shore-bird tribe. A friend of mine once paralleled two of these birds for seven miles along Daytona Beach with the wind abeam and found that they maintained a perfectly steady rate of 34 miles an hour for the entire distance.

One of the most interesting members of that family, and, indeed, of all American birds, is the splendid golden plover, that prince of ocean migrants, whose over-water course is a non-stop performance of 2500 miles. Leaving the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland, the plover voyages straight across the uncharted ocean to Cuba and the West Indies. How long it takes him to do it is still unknown, but he must fly at high speed and sustained speed for he cannot, or at least does not, alight on the water. Exceedingly fat when they leave, plovers are thin on arrival in the South, all the surplus body-fat being consumed in the tremendous effort put forth. Naturally, they cannot be clocked over this ocean course, but on the return migration in the spring they fly up the Mississippi Valley, and there is on record an instance of a golden plover being timed by the engineer of a fast train in Illinois. The train was running at a rate of from 58 to 62 miles per hour. The plover not only flew alongside with no apparent effort but forged steadily ahead of the speeding locomotive, or, to use the words of the engineer, "beat with" (Continued on page 46)

ONCE *a*

IT'S a Legion Christmas. It always has been ever since there was a Legion.

Note, for instance, the photograph depicting the Christmas tree sponsored a year since

by San Pedro (California) Post. The post inaugurated the custom fourteen years ago.

"Prior to 1932," writes W. T. Mudge, "all expenses, which average \$200 a Christmas, were borne by the post. That year, due to economic reasons—a closed bank to you—the committee decided that inasmuch as the post Christmas Tree Fund was tied up, other civic, fraternal and service groups might help defray the expenses of passing out a half ton of candy, three thousand apples and oranges and a similar number of toys to all children attending.

"The response far exceeded expectations. The amount necessary to put over the party that year was oversubscribed to the extent that it was decided to refund \$15 each to two service clubs, the Lions and the Optimists, as their contributions had exceeded all others by that amount. Can you imagine a Legion post refunding anything, much less real dough?"

Well, since 1932 San Pedro has had no trouble at all getting the community all hyped up about its Christmas Tree. A lumber company gives the tree—the E. K. Wood Lumber Company, fittingly enough. The fire department turns out a hook and ladder to erect it. Four thousand folks attended the 1935 party.

Cross the country now to New Hampshire, and look in on Claremont. Last year Claremont gave its third annual Christmas party for children of the community who otherwise might have had little to remember the day by. One hundred pounds of turkey (and that is a lot of turkey even in grand turkey country) went down some 211 youthful gullets, accompanied by the proper quantity of fixin's. At the conclusion of the exercises the 211 gave "three vociferous cheers" for the Legion. Claremont would seem to be a poor place in which to start crabbing the Legion.

Happy
New
Year!!



San Pedro (California) Post has been superintending a community Christmas tree for fourteen years and sees no reason to quit now

Edge back a few hundred miles to the west now, and visit Rantoul (Illinois) Post, which for fifteen years has distributed Christmas baskets to the needy in its community. The distribution is effected annually on Christmas Eve, with the churches and business men of the community co-operating.

Now here are just three Christmas affairs put on by Legion posts out of hundreds that might be cited. It is worth noting that every one of the three posts adopting a Christmas program has continued it, and the same would be true of a tremendous majority of the examples which are not cited. In

YEAR

each of those hundreds of instances of the practical expression of "good will toward men," it is hardly necessary to point out that the good will works both ways.

Zoom-Zoom-Zoom!

WHO ever heard of a male chorus composed exclusively of artillerymen? Well, you're hearing about one right now. Post 328 of St. Louis, composed entirely of former members of the 128th F. A., already has an enrolment of fifty voices and hopes soon to raise the figure to a round hundred. The 128th Singing Cannoneers (that's the official name of the chorus) made its debut at the Missouri Department Convention at Springfield last summer and carried the day. The chorus is under the direction of Clay Bellew, instructor of voice culture at Washington University, and they are responding so well to his tutelage that they have already perfected plans to attend the New York National Convention in a body.

Patience Wins

NINE years ago a project got under way to provide a pipe organ for Baltimore's beautiful War Memorial Building. At the time the plan was just a little

In Claremont, New Hampshire, the local Legion has no difficulty in selling these youngsters on the idea of roast turkey

Rantoul (Illinois) Legionnaires have been distributing full market baskets in their community for fifteen years

too ambitious, and when hard times clamped down a few years later so little headway had been made that the project died a natural death.

Among the posts which had co-operated in the effort was Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Post, which had collected some \$800 from its own members and from friends in the B. & O. family. After such a flourishing start the post was reluctant to cry quits. It realized, however, that the times were not opportune for starting an elaborate campaign; it realized, also, that the \$800 was always going to be a temptation, like the well-known dime in the little boy's pocket. So first, to insure the preservation of the money for the purpose for which it had been originally intended, the post deposited its nest-egg in an interest account known as the Memorial Organ Fund and placed it under the control of a board of trustees composed of three watchdog members of the post.

And whenever, as frequently happened, the post made use of the admirable facilities of the War Memorial Building, its members were reminded of that special fund.

"Many times during the depression," writes F. J. Gueterlet, "with bank failures and frozen assets in the air, the post was sorely tempted to use the organ fund, but wiser counsel prevailed and the fund was left intact."

Finally, during 1936, the post decided to go ahead with the original

project. Another money-raising campaign was conducted in the post and among its friends, and sufficient additional funds were secured to buy an electrically-operated instrument which was approved by the War Memorial Commission of Maryland when Post Commander Maurice E. Drill presented the plan for their consideration. The organ has been duly bought, presented, and dedicated.

Out of the Ashes

JANUARY 1st won't be a particularly Happy New Year's Day in Bandon, Oregon, but on Thanksgiving you may be sure that The American Legion came in for its share of notice. Early



in the fall Bandon was virtually destroyed as the result of a forest fire which swept everything before it and quit only when the Pacific Ocean itself confronted it. The destroyed buildings included some four hundred permanent homes and two hundred and fifty beach cottages.



Bandon, Oregon—a study in cause and effect



Bandon is the farthest west of incorporated municipalities in the United States proper. But Bandon wasn't far enough west for The American Legion to forget it in its hour of peril and distress. Even before the fire reached Bandon, Legionnaires from the town itself, not realizing that they would themselves soon be homeless, were out in the inferno beyond, attempting to save ranch houses that lay in the path of the flames. And the Auxiliary was on the job supplying them with coffee and sandwiches. Meanwhile posts throughout the region were mobilizing for action.

The Bandon Legionnaires were beaten back before an enemy more relentless than any human foe could be—an enemy equipped with super flame-throwers. Soon they were fighting with their backs to the walls of their own homes. With the town itself a torch, the residents were evacuated, many of them to Coquille, where the local Legion hall was thrown open to them and served nearly four hundred meals a day for eleven days. The news of the disaster spread quickly through the State, and within a few hours truckloads of supplies from Legion posts and Auxiliary units throughout Oregon were rolling toward Bandon. Some of the homeless were cared for by neighboring Legion posts for as long as a month after the disaster. Posts and units throughout the area are continuing to co-operate with Bandon in the work of reconstruction.

The Legion has been concerned with more than the physical needs of the moment in its work for Bandon. An appeal has been sent to posts throughout the State for books from home library shelves to become units in the library which Bandon Post is seeking to equip. Moreover, in spite of all it has been through, Bandon Post is sponsoring a community tree this Christmas. That's the right spirit, considering what the trees did to Bandon.

Another Soldier Enlists

ONE of the superb accomplishments of the age in which we of the Legion have grown up is the winning war on tuberculosis. The Great White Plague is on the way to being stamped out, but considerable stamping remains to be done. Mindful of the fact that the slightest let-down in the fight will be seized upon by the monster in an effort to regain its terrible prestige of half a century and more ago, General Gorgas Post of Birmingham, Alabama, has presented to the clinic of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of Jefferson County a pneumothorax machine—an instrument which (we have it on the word of H. N. Starnes, secretary of the Jefferson County Council of The American Legion) is extensively used in the treatment of tuberculosis and has proved highly efficient as an arresting medium. "Particular attention is given to children at the clinic," reports Mr. Starnes, "and through the use of the pneumothorax machine many of these have been restored to health." The photograph across the page shows Commander L. E. Hollums of General Gorgas Post and Mrs. Roderick Beddow, President of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association of Jefferson County.

For a Rainy Day

THEY haven't forgotten the 1936 spring flood in Newport, Pennsylvania. Newport is on the Blue Juniata River—a name which conjures up a picture of a fair, idyllic stream

flowing gently through a region rich in romance—but Harry M. Zeiders of Newport Post assures us that the Blue Juniata changed its color last March. The flood brought four feet of water into the post's home, and the following day a truck brought a load of food and clothing contributed by Legionnaires in Harrisburg and neighboring communities.

Newport, therefore, knows when wet means wet, and this thought may have been in the backs of Newport Legionnaires' minds when they decided to present raincoats and rainhats to

the student safety patrol of the Fourth Street School. Two members of the patrol obligingly posed for their pictures in the Legion-bestowed garments, and one of them even more obligingly let himself be exhibited with the coat on backwards so that the label "School Patrol" could be read by all the world—





and by passing motorists in particular. The rainy-day raiment was presented to the school in the name of Newport Post in a special assembly period.

To the Moon and Back

BELIEVE an expert, said some framer of wise sayings. If what he said was right, and it sounds right, the words of Al Kay, Past Commander of District No. 2, Department of Wyoming, The American Legion, ought to be worth heeding. Legionnaire Kay was Wyoming's delegate to the First National Motorcade Conference held in New York City some weeks ago, which was attended by the carefully-selected safest drivers of all the States. Here is what Mr. Kay (he has driven half a million miles) has to say:

"Wyoming and Nebraska are real open spaces. A salesman in such territory frequently goes one hundred miles between towns. I drive it in all seasons. There are no trees, buildings or people, or road-side diversions to distract attention. In such country we acquire the habit of always watching the road because it is the most important thing in sight.

"Covering this territory eighteen years ago in an open Ford on roads that were just four grooves in the prairie taught me first to watch where I was going. A two-inch wobble threw the car across the ruts, and that was really serious. In those days you were allowed only one mistake. I still drive in a straight line on pavement the same as I did when we ran in the grooves. This relieves those behind me or approaching from worrying about where I intend to drive when they come close enough to be reached.

"Many nights I have stayed out in the car until daylight. In this country during a snowstorm or blizzard we know that leaving a car for help often means death. My car is always in perfect condition. For example, my tires will not vary two pounds the year round. I get five thousand more miles out of a set of tires than my friends that drive the same territory and pay no attention to pressure. This gives me better traction and less inclination to swerve from a direct path when other cars are near. I am



It's a pneumothorax machine

just as particular about my battery, brakes and lights. They all pay big dividends in safety. On anything that needs fixing, my motto is, 'Don't wait—get it done.'

"I always expect the worst of any car approaching me and am ready for it if I should just happen to be right in my guess. I always expect they are going to swerve into my car, turn off into a cross road, stop or straddle the center of the highway. It is surprising how many times they do these very things. When they do, I have already reduced my speed and have decided on my action.

"Fifty to fifty-five miles an hour as a steady pace in open country will get you there as quickly, on a long drive, as sudden spurts of seventy miles an hour, and it will save lots of automobile—maybe all of it.

"I have had the breaks in some emergencies, but the brakes of my car had something to do with my good luck every time.

"I have driven across the country both East and West, in large cities, around floods, detours, on bad roads, past bicycles and around little children. On every occasion I have been ready for the unexpected and many times have not been disappointed. Being ready means caution. My speed and care are always in proportion to the possibilities of danger.

"Plenty of rest before I start on a

long drive is one of my first considerations. I believe many accidents are due to sagging nerves and drooping eyelids. If I feel either of these coming on, I drive off into a side road and take a nap; one good way to save another life, along with my own.

"Narrow roads of themselves are a warning sign to me. I know everyone who passes my car must be in the pink of condition and extremely alert, as there is no room for fancy maneuvers. Naturally, I do not try to pass the car ahead of mine until I know that it can be done safely. If there is any doubt, a few minutes can be profitably spent studying the tail-light of the truck ahead rather than picking the license plates of the approaching car out of my radiator.

"It is my belief that one-eyed and one-armed drivers, large trucks and trailers, youthful drivers of powerful cars and those who mix gas and alcohol constitute the greatest hazards of the road. If they are given all of the road, it is better than trying to divide with them. If necessary, I stop my car, almost in the ditch, in the hope that they can get past. I never try to run around such cars until I'm sure I can do it safely. I'm not above obeying suggestions that will improve my driving or save me some anxious moments."

Sole Survivor

CB. GAMBEE Post, Grand Army of the Republic, was organized in Bellevue, Ohio, in 1872. In the heyday of its existence in the 1880's, Gambée Post numbered one hundred and sixty-three members and had an average regular meeting attendance of thirty-five to forty twice a month.

The post is still in existence, retains its own charter, and keeps all State and national dues paid up, in spite of the fact that it is reduced to one member, P. C. Kline, who is ninety-one years old. Incidentally, he has set one record which (Continued on page 61)



Back view, front view

MAKING *it* HOT for the A.E.F.



LUMBER, and lumber in huge quantities, was one of the principal articles under the general head of supplies required by the A. E. F. Anyone who made the trip across during the war will remember the acres of docks and storehouses, the innumerable hospital buildings, the barracks, the miles of railroad and of telegraph lines constructed by our Army—all of which required lumber. In fact, lumber was of such great importance that it led one British expert to classify it as a munition of war.

To conserve tonnage urgently needed for the transportation of troops and of munitions, it was necessary to eliminate the shipment of timber and so our country had to depend upon the forests of France for this important commodity. So, for the first time in our military forces there was introduced an Engineer Regiment of Forestry. You have read in these columns about the work accomplished by the 20,000 Forestry Engineers—all grouped in the largest regiment of the A. E. F., the 20th Engineers.

We have not, however, had a report before of an important auxiliary of these foresters. As Engineer Service Battalions attached to the 20th Engineers and as Labor Battalions of the Quartermaster Corps, there were thousands of troops engaged in cutting and shipping fuel wood. Kitchens had to be supplied with firewood, otherwise how could our tasty slum and beans and coffee have been cooked? You see we single out the most important use for firewood.

A great percentage of these special troops were Negro soldiers who adapted themselves readily to the work and established some real production records. One of these soldiers, according to Willis G. Corbitt of Walker Bailey Post in Mendocino, California, stood out above all the rest and gained the title of champion woodcutter of the A. E. F. We're merely quoting Corbitt and if you have another nominee don't hesitate to tell us. We reproduce a picture of this champion, Nazareth Taggard, and give Corbitt the job of setting forth his claim:

"There have been recorded in your department of The American Legion Monthly many entries for A. E. F. championships, but I have never seen one for that of champion woodcutter.

"I am submitting a photograph of Nazareth Taggard taken when he was a member of Company A, 323d Labor Battalion, located at Vernois-les-Vesvres, Cote d'Or, about fifteen kilometers north of Is-sur-Tille. He is entitled to consideration for the above-named championship.

"During 1918 a great deal of fuel wood was cut by the men of the Labor Battalions in the hardwood forests adjacent to Is-sur-Tille and Grancey-le-Château. In order to assure maximum production, each man was assigned a given task for the day. It was understood that if the work was completed, a man could return to camp no matter what time of the day it might be. Some of

When it came to cutting and stacking fuel wood, it is claimed there was no one any better than Nazareth Taggard of the 323d Labor Battalion, shown above at Vernois, France. This stack was just one day's work





my men worked hard and fast in order to complete their assignment by noon, others did not finish till the middle of the afternoon and a few were so slow that they had to work overtime.

"At our camp, the small trees were cut in the forest on the hillsides and then transported in various ways to the roadside in the valley. There the poles were cut into meter-lengths and the wood stacked along the road so that trucks from Is-sur-Tille could pick it up conveniently.

"Nazareth Taggard was assigned to cutting wood at the roadside. As I recall, the assigned task was placed at three cubic meters per

day, as that was found to be about what the average soldier could cut. As you can see from the photograph, Taggard was better than average—and even the supply sergeant found this to be true when he tried to fit him with clothes and shoes.

"However, in Nazareth's long arms was the strength of the proverbial village blacksmith. With one swing of the axe he could cut a three-inch pole of beech wood in two. The smaller pieces were cut like cornstalks under his regular blows. That is why he was able to establish a record of 30½ cubic meters in one day and thereby earn ten days' rest to which he was entitled for accomplishing ten days' work in one.



Two cooks and a chauffeur of Company C, 74th Engineers, didn't know that their photograph, taken in Luxembourg, had an informally posed K. P. in the background

"As Forest Officer for seven fuel wood projects, I found none who equaled his record for cutting wood and I believe he is entitled to full credit for accomplishing something outstanding in the S. O. S., A. E. F."

Sounds so to us, too, but you never can tell. Anybody able to go the record one better?

OF COURSE, there was a definite reason for the anti-fraternizing order that issued forth from G. H. Q. to the troops of the American Third Army—better known as the Army of Occupation—in the Rhineland. It wouldn't have been quite the thing to get too friendly with a recent ex-enemy, especially as the Treaty of Peace hadn't as yet been signed.

But orders or no orders, try to keep American soldiers from making friends with kids. The German youngsters flocked around the generous American soldier and it was inevitable that soon an entente cordiale was established. We saw many a soldier save part of his chow so that he could share it with one of the hungry-looking boys or girls who gathered around mess lines with pan or pail to receive what food might otherwise go to waste. We'll admit, too, that violation of orders about fraternizing didn't stop with the children—it included pleasant mädchen, parents and grandparents and even ex-enemy soldiers who had returned home. But as things developed, no harm came of it.

From out in Mount Vernon, Washington, Claus Larson of Golden Stars Post sent us the picture we show of a group of doughboys with some of their little Heinie friends (see next page). Larson tells us:

"A German photographer took the enclosed picture up in Bendorf, Germany, early in 1919, when my outfit, Company B, 9th Infantry, 2d Division, was stationed there. Perhaps some of the old gang will remember Corporal Larson, who is second from the right in the back row.

"As most everyone knows, the Second Division was one of the first to go over to France and one of the last to return, after seeing action in most of the major offensives. We were in at the end, having crossed the Meuse River the night of the tenth of November on a temporary bridge built by our engineers, and under machine-gun fire, too. In the morning of the 11th, we were digging in when the Kaiser said he had had enough. That night we hiked back to the village of Beaumont.

"On November 16th, we started our long trek to the Rhine and arrived in Bendorf just a month later. At several places on this hike we camped where the withdrawing Germans' campfires were still warm. We saw trucks from which the motors had been taken out, and worn-out horses that had been shot.

"Thanksgiving Day found us in Luxembourg and six of us guys went to an old lady's home and she fried rabbit for us with the necessary trimmings. We paid her for her trouble and she was glad to have us. On the Rhine, life consisted of various tours of guard, drilling, shooting on the range, a few sightseeing excursions on German passenger boats and several trips to Coblenz. On one trip to Coblenz, a bunch of us fellows climbed up onto the huge Kaiser's statue at the juncture of the Moselle and the Rhine—and paid the usual doughboys' respects to him.

"We also enjoyed deer meat at our mess a few times. Most of the outfits had baseball and football teams and put on shows of various kinds. They were all mighty good.

"Uncle Sam built a few barracks in Bendorf and I got quite a kick when I saw stenciled on the lumber, 'Ferry-Baker Lumber Company,' an old concern in this community of mine. We had Wenatchee apples, canned fish from Anacortes and canned milk from the Mount Vernon Cream Company—all from my home State. My squad was billeted together in one big room and one



American soldiers and children—a natural combination, whether in France, Italy or, as in the above picture, Germany. Here are men of Company B, 9th Infantry, 2d Division, in Bendorf, Germany, in 1919

day we decided to have our picture taken as a souvenir. A few of the local kids were hanging around and when someone suggested we have them in the picture with us, we decided to gather together some more—and there they are.

"In our city of four thousand, we have a membership of 175 in our post, a thirty-piece drum and bugle corps that ranks among the best in the State, and last September we burned the mortgage on our Legion home, so it's all ours."

THE photograph reproduced on the preceding page is in the nature of a double surprise—it was a surprise to the three soldiers who were being photographed and it will be a surprise to Walter Ward of Pleasantville (New York) Post who sent the picture to us many, many months ago to use in our columns. Yes, Ward himself is in the picture—but suppose we let him tell you about it:

"Perhaps if you could publish the enclosed picture, it might be the means of my contacting some old wartime buddies whose names I've even forgotten. Two of them were our much experienced and time-tried cooks, and the other was a chauffeur.

"The scene: Headquarters of the Third Corps (General Hines), rear of schoolhouse in which we were quartered in Dudelange, Luxembourg, December 1, 1918. We were on our way to Germany to join the Army of Occupation. The outfit: Company C, 74th Engineers, formerly the 29th Engineers which was known at the front as Flash Ranging Section No. 2.

"My buddies had, as I recollect, engaged a civilian photographer to do them justice, if possible. The photographer arrived and as he was getting ready to shoot the picture, it suddenly occurred to me that I ought to salute him from where I was sitting in the rear of our Kelly-Springfield truck—which had been shot up a couple of times. I had been honored by a week's K. P. duty for bravery at the front, which is why I happened to have been present.

"Of course, I never expected myself to register in the photograph. But to my surprise and my buddies' chagrin, there I was when the photos arrived the next day, and those two fellows

certainly went looking for me for an explanation. After apologies were offered and accepted, they presented me with a copy and we had a hearty laugh about it. I hope they see the picture and write to me.

"I was located in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1918, and noticing that the younger men were disappearing rapidly to join up for the big show, and being 27 years young with two dependents, I decided that I belonged with the rest of the flower of the nation. I applied for enlistment to the Engineers Department in Washington, and received an answer asking me to accept enlistment in a special outfit, the 29th Engineers, Flash and Sound Rangers, that was being organized at Camp Devens. I had visions of gold braid, but was booted out with the rest of the enlisted men. Four months in Devens and we started for the A. E. F.

"We trained at Langres and were formed into the Flash and Sound Rangers whose work consists of locating enemy artillery positions by sound or triangulation, reporting all general intelligence ahead of the front line of the enemy and the ranging of our own artillery, at the same time giving targets to our artillery. Being an electrician, I was assigned to a Flash Ranging Section, No. 2, whose work was principally that of operating electrical equipment.

"We went through the St. Mihiel drive and took up quarters in a former German regimental headquarters in a valley east of Thiaucourt. An interesting discovery was a wireless station that was powered by a dynamo geared to a stationary tandem bicycle frame.

"Later we were shifted over near Pont-à-Mousson for the Meuse-Argonne scrap, but hardly got into working order when the Armistice came along. We started for the Occupied Area and spent ten hilarious days in Luxembourg, where the trick photograph was taken. We went on to Trier, Germany, where after ten days we got the all-important order that started us on the way home."

VETERANS of the Lost Battalion—Front and Center! Here is an opportunity to contribute to a work which will return to you equally as much pleasure. (Continued on page 63)



FRONT and CENTER

WAS IT MIKE HAYES?

To the Editor: In the November 1936 issue of *The American Legion Monthly*, an article, "Who was He?" by J. H. Parmelee attracted my attention.

On Nov. 11th, an article in the *New York Herald Tribune* by Richards Vidmer drew me very forcibly. In Mr. Vidmer's editorial, "The Last Tackle" it would appear that Captain Mike Hayes was the man whose identity Mr. Parmelee was trying to uncover, at any rate the incident is similar.—FRANK J. SMITH, *Albany, N. Y.*

* * *

To the Editor: A few days after reading John H. Parmelee's story "Who was He?" in the November issue of *The American Legion Monthly*, I received the November copy of the *Colgate Alumni News*, from Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y., which contained a description of a very similar incident.

Enclosed I am sending you the story from the *Colgate Alumni News*, and wonder if it may answer Parmelee's question as to the identity of the unknown hero mentioned in his story.

There are striking differences in the two accounts, but that may not be strange, considering they were written eighteen years or so after the war.

Captain Michael Hayes, whose exploit is recorded in the *News*, was in the same class that I was at Colgate, and was one of the best liked men in college.—A. BERTRAM DAVIS, *Oneonta, N. Y.*

(Enclosure)

... Mike Hayes was commanding a company that had an objective. That objective was a machine gun which was holding up the advance. Whenever a little raiding party dashed around the corner and down the street the rat-tat-tat of leaden death met the brave men. One by one they fell, clutching at their throats, toppling to the shell-torn street, bodies stiffening and straightening in agony. This was war.

"Wait!" The order that Captain Hayes gave must have been something like that.

The surviving men in the company must have wondered when Hayes did what he did. He crouched down there, around the corner. He took a sprinter's position, one knee resting on the ground, his hands placed in front. Perhaps they knew what he was going to do. Perhaps they didn't. But he did it. It may be that he turned his head and smiled once and his lips formed the word "Good-bye."

Then he was off. He leaped from the mark like a true sprinter. He wheeled around the corner at full speed—and headed straight for the machine gun. The machine gun sang its requiem of death. Before he had gone ten yards his

body must have been full of bullets. But Mike Hayes didn't fall. The iron in him carried on. He had an objective. He wouldn't lose his last race.

Those who dared to peer around the corner saw the finish. With a leap that must have been inspired by sheer force of will, he hurled himself on the hot muzzle of the machine gun. It jammed. Mike Hayes had won.

The men in his company followed. It was simple to capture the nest then. But they couldn't cheer. There were too many eyes full of tears and too many throats tensely tight and choking. The American Army advanced.

A BUDDY OF JOYCE KILMER'S

To the Editor: As a member of the Sgt. Joyce Kilmer Post I was particularly interested in the story of "Joyce Kilmer—Soldier" by Emmett Watson, as well as the accompanying tribute written by John Black in commemoration of the 50th birthday of our patron.

Many years ago, ever since I became a member of Kilmer Post founded by Mr. Black I have had a haunting impression that I met Kilmer in France. And subsequently from Ed Stewart, past commander of our post, who is rounding out his 29th year with the *New York Times* and who knew Joyce back in '14, I obtained further particulars which had a tendency to confirm this hazy impression. However, upon reading Emmett Watson's description of *La Rouge Vetu* I am now convinced that I am among the legion of admirers who can claim to have rubbed shoulders with the poet-soldier—acclaimed by the clergy as "the uncanonized saint of the A. E. F."

Like Kilmer, I too was a newspaperman before the war, and thus was I assigned to divisional intelligence duties as a combatant observer with the 77th Division. And it was on June 18, 1918, that our unit took over the observation post known as *La Rouge Vetu*. We were properly introduced to the observers of the 42d Division but paid little attention to names. We were all too eager to take a peek through the telescope from the O. P. atop lofty spruce trees.—LOUIS R. ELDER, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

AMERICANISM

To the Editor: To one, born and educated in this country, mixing with fellow Americans in factory, office, on farm and in travel, the word AMERICANISM has taken on a definite meaning, amongst others, of Tolerance. Tolerance, to exist, must continually feed on liberty, be it the liberty of freedom of speech, of press, of assembly, or of religious worship. These liberties and rights were considered so vital by the founders of our

country, that they were written into the very first article of the Bill of Rights of the Federal Constitution.

In these days of economic depression and "red" hysteria, it is well to ask: "For whom were these liberties so significantly expressed?" For Americans at large, of course, but primarily, the writer believes, for the protection of dissident groups in just such times as these. It is obvious that the right of speech of those we agree with will not be questioned; that the conformers among us will have no difficulty in printing and publishing their news and views; and that the great many will not find it necessary to assemble and petition their government. Nor will the great many be hindered in worshipping as they please. These rights and liberties, however, do take on understandable significance and potent vitality when put to the test by minorities, by—let us say—unpopular minorities. To protect the minorities is to protect the majority; the parts make up the whole. Must we not, therefore, zealously guard and protect these liberties; liberties for which our comrades fought and died? —SAMUEL ROBBINS, *Delegate to the County Committee from The College of the City of New York Post, The American Legion.*

QUENTIN ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE

To the Editor: Answer to Barney Ragner's letter to Harry, (Does France Forget?) in the November Monthly.

During the year of 1918 our 28th Division, of which I was a member of the 103d Field Signal Battalion, was located not far from Château-Thierry, along the Marne River.

One afternoon when things were a little quiet along the front lines and we hadn't started to trade TNT, some of us went scouting along the roadside to see what could be seen, of course being careful not to advance too far into No Man's Land or where we might be welcome or unwelcome visitors. We came across a grave which had been newly decorated, read the inscription, Lieutenant Quentin Roosevelt, on a wooden marker, also saw two floral designs carved and spliced together, all of wood. If I live for years to come I never expect to see such beautiful handcraft—one piece I believe was to represent some kind of lace work. All this was done by the Germans, I was told.

I understand that when the United States started to bring home the soldier dead, Quentin's mother went to France and after seeing how her son was laid to rest, decided to leave him where he fell. But the grave was to be duplicated in stone. Was it?—JACK BRAWDY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers



LEGIONNAIRE Jim Rowan, of Kingston, West Virginia, is telling about a man who had just obtained employment in a restaurant as cook.

"You said you were with the American Expeditionary Forces in France, I believe," said the manager as he sampled the new cook's first pot of soup.

"Yes, sir," replied the man. "I was the cook with a company in the lines, and I was wounded three times."

"You're a lucky bird," said the manager. "It's a wonder they didn't kill you."

IT SO happened that a Legion district conference and a meeting of the Ministerial Alliance were being held on the same floor of a certain hotel. One of the tardy Legionnaires wandered into the ministers' meeting by mistake, and was in attendance for quite a while before he realized his error. He then beat a hasty retreat. When he was telling a comrade about his experience, the comrade asked:

"How'd you feel surrounded by all them preachers?"

"Scared," he replied. "I felt like a single lion in a den of Daniels."

ARAS PITRE, of Oberlin (Louisiana) Post, writes that when he was a telephone operator in the old Veterans' Hospital in Philadelphia a patient was being examined for admission. During the examination, a social service worker approached the examining doctor and said:

"This man is indigent."

"No, I'm not either!" spoke up the patient. "And if you put me in a locked ward I'll sign out against medical advice."



FROM Comrade James N. Ball, of Bartow, Florida, we learn about a railroad lawyer who had been invited to address a convention of dairy-cat-

tle men. While awaiting his turn on the program, he listened to several talks about fancy breeds of cattle. When finally introduced, he opened his talk by saying:

"I'm afraid I know nothing of all these fancy breeds you gentlemen have been discussing. However, in my experience as attorney for a railroad company, I have found the highest-priced critter in the world is the offspring of a common cow crossed by a locomotive."

THE eminent psychiatrist was showing a party of friends through his institution. To one patient he said:

"John, why do you continually insist on scratching yourself?"

"Because," replied the patient, "I'm the only person in the whole wide world who knows where I'm itching."

LEGIONNAIRE Calvin Crawford, of Dayton, Ohio, adds to the collection of stories about the amazing wisdom of young lawyers' legal opinions. A man had erected a pretentious and costly mansion, only to discover that he had inadvertently placed it upon the lot of another. He consulted youthful counsel, who, after days of intensive research among the authorities, floored his client with this choice morsel of advice:

"You can go right on the other man's lot, tear down the house and remove it. And the owner of that lot can't do a thing about it!"



FROM the mountains of West Virginia, Flick Bainbridge airs the one about a befuddled man who reeled out of a bar and sagged into a seat in the hotel

lobby alongside a clergyman. Being in an overwhelmingly friendly mood, and desiring to make conversation, he said to the clergyman:

"Thish ish a nice shotel."

"Yes," coldly replied the minister, "I find it amply comfortable."

"Ash what I shed, brother. Whatchu say let's you and me have a li'l drink?"

"No, thank you; I never touch the stuff."

"Shay!" replied the befuddled one. "Who y' shink y'r kiddin'? Why, you gotcha collar on backwards right now!"

TWO pickpockets were working a small town. They followed a prosperous looking man for several blocks, hopeful for an opportunity to extract his pocketbook. The man suddenly stopped and went into a lawyer's office.

"Now what are we going to do?" one asked.

"Guess we'll wait for the lawyer," replied the other.

DURING the political campaign an angry candidate strode into a newspaper office.

"Look here," he cried. "You've been printing lies about me in your paper?"

"That's right," replied the editor. "I know it, but—Good Lord, man—what would you do if we told the truth about you?"



VOYAGEUR Fred K. Lewis, of Little Rock, Arkansas, writes that he was recently visited by Grand Chef de Gare Jerry Lemor. He took Jerry to visit

a hospital, and to the first patient they approached he said:

"Buddy, I want you to meet our new Chef."

The patient took Jerry's outstretched hand and said:

"I'm darn glad to know you; we've been needing a good cook here for a long time."

NEW HAMPSHIRE Legionnaire John L. Sullivan delights in telling a story of an early experience of Comrade James O'Neil in his duties as deputy chief of police of Manchester.

A group of boys were raising a small-sized rumpus near the entrance of a hotel where the new deputy chief was attending a social function, and in rather flossy attire. Attracted by the noise, he went out to quell the disturbance. The boys scattered; that is, all except one particularly obstreperous lad who finally talked himself into being locked up at the station house. This boy happened to be a relative of a police inspector, who admonished him for his misbehavior, and concluded with:

"And of all the dumb things to do, you would start an argument with the deputy chief."

"Aw, gee, how was I to know he was a copper?" complained the boy. "He was dressed like a sheik, and he didn't have flat feet."



THE man walked into a restaurant, ornate in its futuristic decorations and reeking with an atmosphere of high prices. He was ushered to a table and

immediately ordered a glass of water. The waiter brought the water, which the man swallowed with one gulp, and asked for another glass of water. While the waiter was away the man took out a small package of sandwiches and spread them on the table. No sooner was this done than a severe looking individual came to the table and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but this isn't—"

"Who are you?" interrupted the man.

"I am the manager," was the impressive reply.

"Good!" said the man. "I was just going to send for you. Why isn't the orchestra playing?"

Advertising

EVERY advertisement in a magazine contributes many elements of value to the publication in which it appears and in return receives but one reward.

Art for advertisements is selected to command attention and its excellence is such that nine times out of ten this function is performed.

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Advertisements appear only at the time you are, or ought to be, interested in the articles advertised, and constitute a service to readers.

The advertiser pays the publisher to print his advertisement. Without advertising revenue, all the fine magazines in America would have to charge many times their present subscription rates.

Thus, advertisers not only contribute *art, literature, typography*, and a *timely information service*, but they actually make it possible for you to get the best magazines at a nominal charge.

The one reward an advertisement can earn is to be read, remembered and acted upon.

To have The American Legion Monthly popular with our advertisers is to have you fellows continue to *read* and *act* upon the advertisements they publish in our magazine.

LET'S PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY

Advertising Department

521 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCTS ADVERTISED IN THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY ARE WORTHWHILE

The Great Missouri Lion Hunt

(Continued from page 17)

some dickering, he agreed to furnish the ingredients of an imposing basket for a total of 74 cents.

There is an art to this business of preparing imposing baskets for the carnival trade. First you put two large rolls of cheap toilet paper in the bottom. With this as a base, you start the superstructure, carefully tilting and balancing each package so as to leave a maximum of empty space concealed from public view. Cheap cornflakes did yeoman service. Big cans of sauer-kraut were cheap and bulky, with an added virtue of lending weight when a skeptical customer hefts the basket to determine if things are as they appear. We bought cheap catsup, beautiful bottles of cheap vinegar, packaged salt and soap chips.

"HELL, you don't want to give away a prize basket every time," snorted the carnival man. Besides violating the sacred carnival code—never give a sucker a break—the other concessionaires would regard such amateurish generosity as unfair trade competition, or something.

We met this issue by arranging to have lions of different hues, the coloring being achieved with water-color paint. At first we tried oil paint, but the lions curled up and died in protest.

We figured that a hundred lions would be about right for the hunt. We had ten red lions, twenty purple ones (they were beauties) and the rest just ordinary untinted black lions. If a red lion was captured, the prize would be a basket of groceries. If a purple lion, the player was awarded five pounds of sugar. If he was so unlucky as to trap a black lion, he must be content with a two-pound package.

"Hell," said the carnival man after this adjustment, "you got too dang many red lions. Make it five, instead of ten. You'll spoil the customers." So we did.

Came the day of rehearsal, staged in the back yard of the architect's rooming house. The booth was set up, presenting a mystifying, if not exactly lovely appearance. The lions were brought from the prison and put through their paces. It worked fine, and Henry beamed at the praise lavished upon his handiwork.

Then we started unwrapping the final packages.

"These, Henry, are some props you will use to heighten the burlesque feature of our game," we said.

Henry gaped as there came into view a pair of tropical pith helmets picked up at a costumer's. One was a monstrous khaki affair which had seen actual use in the Boer War. The other was a dinky little white helmet, part of the uniform of St. Louis street cleaners during an earlier era.

A music store had produced a "cuckoo" sound effect used by trap drummers. Then there were large horn-rimmed spectacles minus glass, cartridge belts from which dangled toy cap pistols, and a pop gun.

"These things will make it more funny—you'll have 'em rolling in the aisle," we promised.

Henry gulped, and turned slightly green. He was strangely preoccupied with his own thoughts during the remainder of the rehearsal.

That evening he called me, saying we should hire a couple of fellows who'd do the actual operating of the concession. It appeared he would be kept very busy filling baskets, replenishing the supply of lions, banking our profits and so on. He really wouldn't have time to work in the booth. Of course he would pay his operators from his half of the profits.

I suspected right then it was a case of White Collaritis, the victim of which invariably displays these symptoms: (a) A fear that he will make himself ridiculous in the eyes of the world; (b) A sudden conviction of the importance of maintaining his dignity at a high level, and (c) Hallucinations implanting a belief that he is incapable of doing any work other than that to which he has been accustomed. However, I agreed.

We did our best to force jobs on an accountant, an efficiency expert, two former bank tellers, a disillusioned insurance salesman and a department store rug buyer with a wife and two small children. After much hesitancy, one of the bank tellers and the rug buyer accepted, without, however, bursting into hosannas for their deliverance from the breadline.

The grand opening was on a Thursday night. I returned to my office from an out-of-town business trip at six o'clock to find the telephone ringing furiously. It was Henry.

"Say, we're not going to be able to open tonight."

IT SEEMED that somebody had kicked over the glass jar containing our herd of lions, and not more than a dozen of the necessary hundred had elected to remain in captivity.

I told Henry in no uncertain terms that the show must go on despite hell and high water. I dispatched a taxi driver to his rooming house with orders to pick up a second-string batch of lions we had in reserve, and deliver them to Henry.

By the time I had cleared my desk, wolfed a sandwich, picked up Hervey and reached the carnival ground, it was nine P. M. A cold, misty night, together

with the hard times prevailing, had restricted attendance to perhaps 500 pleasure seekers.

This throng milled about in one spot. Glory—it was our booth! They were jammed ten deep around the place.

We elbowed our way to the front—and gazed upon an astounding sight. Cowering far back in a corner among the groceries was Henry. He was paralyzed with terror.

I ducked under the counter and confronted Henry.

"What in the world is the matter?"

As nearly as I could determine—for Henry was past anything more intelligent than gibberish—our hired help had undergone a change of heart. The rug buyer had taken one look at the crowd, another at the outfit he was to wear, and told Henry his wife wasn't feeling well and he wouldn't be able to work that night. The bank teller reported he had heard rumors of a possible opening in a bank, and opined he must go and see about it forthwith.

"And what can I do by myself?" wailed Henry. "People won't spend money these days for a thing like this. Money is too tight. I think we had better give it up."

IT WAS apparent that he couldn't meet the emergency. He was in the throes of stage fright, and could no more have advanced boldly to rake in the proffered dimes of the crowd than he could have swum the Atlantic handcuffed. He would gladly have tackled the latter at the present moment, just to get away from there.

I looked at Hervey, and he stared back. We both realized that assuming the role of carnival ballyhoo men was dangerously near the border line of what constituted undignified conduct as interpreted by the corporation for which we worked. We weighed in our minds the possible consequences. Simultaneously, we decided.

"Gimme that helmet—you fill some more baskets," I told Henry. Hervey and I grabbed the headgear, pop gun, cap pistols and other accoutrements of the African lion hunter, and went into action. We had observed closely the technique of other concessionaires in the art of spiel'ing.

"Hurr—ee, hurree—hurree! The Great Missouri Lion Hunt is about to commence! You pay a dime, and win a grocery store! Try your skill—catch a lion! The first lucky man, woman or child to catch a lion wins the prize—hurree—we're gonna turn the varmints loose!"

We whooped our wares in raucous abandon, and in less than a minute

twenty players had parted with twenty dimes. Hervey fired a salvo from the popgun, and I freed the lions by the simple expedient of lifting the aluminum bowl that covered them. The place became a shrieking mass of excited humanity as each player worked his lever madly, snapping his trap open and attempting to snap it shut at the exact instant a lion scurried past in a dash for freedom. You can't appreciate the meaning of the word bedlam unless you witness the Great Missouri Lion Hunt with the pack in full cry. Even Hervey and I were carried away by it. Hervey pounded lustily on a lard can tom-tom, while I fired volley after volley from my trusty cap pistols.

An eight-year-old girl made the first capture.

"The little girl did it! And she got a red lion—she wins a basket of groceries." The prize was presented with a grand flourish. Another hunt was in progress.

By closing time we had a neat profit for our night's work. But our demonstration had not cured Henry of his stage fright. He hesitatingly agreed to remain in charge and oversee the carnival spieler we hired to operate our bonanza. Under the practiced and energetic handling of this worthy, the next night saw no decline in business. However, the visible cash receipts, when Henry checked up at midnight, were shockingly disproportionate to the actual intake. We fired the new man pronto, and hired another applicant, jobless by reason of the dancing girl show folding. Saturday night was a repetition of Friday—plenty of business, but our dimes continued the tendency to disappear forever.

"This just isn't my line—I'd better quit," confessed Henry.

So, freed of our obligation to Henry, and being ourselves unable to pack up and follow the carnival (our wives already were threatening divorce) the Great Missouri Lion Hunt became extinct. The carnival world again reverted to the old baseball-throwing, ring-pitching, wheel-spinning brand of amusement.

Our experience convinced me that nothing can be done for victims of White Collaritis—they are incurable. I've ceased my philanthropic endeavors toward rehabilitating jobless white-collar workers, who are "desperate—will do anything." The statement only means that the victim can borrow no more money from his friends, and probably must go on relief unless he can find a job that appeals to him.

But by golly, the Great Missouri Lion Hunt was a swell game, and I hereby bequeath it to any unemployed chap who is not afflicted with White Collaritis. With it, he will make money, can chortle at depressions and blue slips in pay envelopes, and he'll have lots of fun. Furthermore, he can eat his prizes if worst comes to worst.

"I'm desperate—I'll do anything"—PHOOEY!

"How I Threw the World's Strongest Pipe"

By MATT McGRUNT, Champ Wrassler



You too, can subdue Strong Pipes

THIS EASY, INEXPENSIVE WAY!

Don't be bullied by an overpowering pipe! Don't take any more backbite! Union Leader makes any pipe behave. Nature richly flavors the finest Kentucky Burley for Union Leader; ripens it to fragrant mellow-

ness. But the extra "class" that makes champions is trained into Union Leader by patient curing and aging in wood. For a cool, comfortable, clean-tasting tongue—even if you smoke all day—get the big red tin of Union Leader at any tobacco-nist's. (Makes grand cigarettes, too!)

UNION LEADER

10¢

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



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FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

Bad Actor

(Continued from page 9)

wooden boxes, about twice the size of Chic Sale emporiums, so constructed, lighted and heated that the interior cubic surfaces were as perfectly smooth and plain as possible. Each shack nestled down within a four-square, sand bank fortress. In each of them a lone operator mixed the ingredients, harmless enough separated, which made up the touchy, quick-firing, viciously explosive substance contained in the little copper priming cap of each shell. At just the correct degree of mixing, the fulminate was carefully wet down; thereafter it was safe to transport and to be packed in the tiny copper cups which were in turn pressed into the holes provided for them in the firing ends of the brass shells. Primer mixing was highly paid, dangerous work; the few operators obtainable for it were allowed to work only an hour or so at a time, there could be no diminishing of attention and concentration until the mixture was wet down. An amount that could be picked up on the flat side of a toothpick could flare up sharply enough to take off the end of a finger. Hence after each mix, the operator conscientiously hosed and washed out all the smooth interior of the shack before he left for a rest period. No wonder Curley did a little worrying.

MORNING saw the troupe under-way and Bloom in the saddle.

"Just move that light toward me—see?—no, more, you must get the shadow off her nose. Can't you back that truck more out of sight, Mr. Cooley?"

"Curley, sir."

"Yes, to be sure, yes. Miss Mayo, you must get down closer to that piece of brass, the machine doesn't bite—the man says it's safe. Ziegler, you don't look as if you were bawling her out. Remember she's a spy, but you don't know it, and she's awkward at the machine. You're a foreman who can't let dumb help be dumb, yet you are just getting in love with her; can't you look and act that way? Now rehearse again. Great day, where'd that wind come from, they don't have wind in shops. Mr. Cooney, will you—"

"Curley, sir."

"Huh? Will you move that breeze contraption back and keep it back?"

So Bloom talked, shouted, exhorted all the rest of the day up in 78. Curley suffered. With three painted, perfumed actresses dawdling right under his nose, with Dark Eyes laboring under Bloom's abuse, his fans discarded, and that guy Ziegler to be watched every minute, yes, Curley suffered. He forced himself to absorb movie technique, learning how they numbered the different shots, observing the disposition of discards and

retakes, watching them load and dispose of film for developing; all the mechanical tricks caught his eye. The picture called for a spy to wreck production by covert manipulation and tampering with machine tools.

But it was over in the basement of 82, the last of that row of enormous buildings where the empty shells were completed—by the million—from strip brass to polished cup ready for powder and bullet, that Curley noticed something. This was after two weeks of steady camera grinding. They had photographed the operation of rolling a little bead, or fret work, near the butt end of the shell. One camera was focused close-up; Bloom was studying the script.

"Hey, what's Ziegler tryin' to do!" Curley exclaimed in a low voice to his helper. "Watch—see—he's holding a shell right on top of that camera. That ain't nothing to do with the picture. What's the last number, D.G.33? Write that down and spot the next number. I'll be back in a minute."

He walked over by the cameras, simultaneously cutting a piece of his plug tobacco convenient to break off. "Chew?" he asked the cameraman, thrusting out the plug.

"Thanks."

"Heat make the reel sweat?"

"No, it doesn't matter here, we develop them so quick."

"Whatta you do with the pieces boss there tells 'em to do over?"

"Oh, we develop all of it and wind it through, Bloom has to see it. Then I cut, afterwards, what he tells me to."

Curley's right hand was scratching up a fiery red bull's-eye.

"Them pieces you cut out of the strip, just throw 'em away?"

"Most of them, yes, they are usually no good."

"Throw them in the waste-basket?"

The cameraman nodded. Curley shot his chew into the corner and started up a new one, signals again. "Betcha that stuff catches fire easy; I better bring over a covered can soon's we get through here." Which he did, to that part of the Ballistic Laboratory now converted into a combination of darkroom and projection booth where, and so that, the part of the picture, depending on the Works for background, could be satisfactorily completed before the party left for good.

THE temporary projection room had become headquarters for the players. Thence they went forth to location and back again each day, intent on the work, betraying little interest in the manifold operations going on about them. Except Ziegler and Dark Eyes—the former con-

stantly pressed for a greater variety of picture set-ups, while the girl, with rapt expression aimed at Curley, led him on and on to display and explain the way we made cartridges.

On another day Curley discovered that Dark Eyes smoked, that she was aching for a cigarette. Smoking is sacrilege to the nth degree in a cartridge plant but the over-privileged, like Curley, who were provided with the proper keys, could sneak an occasional, quiet smoke in one of the transformer vaults. Such a one, a low, brick building, lay in the alley between 82 and 83. It was a simple matter, between shots, to stroll outside for a breath of air and then steal into the transformer house. On this day Curley took Dark Eyes with him.

"Now," he vouchsafed, "you can light up, ma'am, have one of mine? Oh, you like them kind better."

"THANK you so much, Mr. Curley, I was just dying for a smoke," she murmured, "and I did so want to talk to you."

"To me, ma'am? I ain't much on talking—here, lemme light it for you—I've always been useter listenin' and workin'."

"I wager you work fast, sometimes," she said, gratefully exhaling the first sharp puff, "but what I wanted to say—I'm awfully afraid to have Mr. Ziegler go in one of those ful—ful—, you know, one of those little exploding houses we looked at the other day."

"Sure, sure, I getcha, you mean a fulminate house; now they ain't so bad, I'll see he's all right."

"But isn't there one with a machine in it, isn't that a safer kind?"

"Huh? How'd you know—humph, yeah, I check. I'll fix it so's we use that one."

"Thank you so much, Mr. Curley, I'm awfully relieved; we had better slip back, don't you think?"

"Aw, your butt ain't burnin' your lips yet. You know Mr. Ziegler long, ma'am?"

"Not very. We have worked together for about a year."

Curley lifted an iron plate from the floor. "We throw the stubs down the sewer, here, so's nobody'll know—when you're through. I s'pose, ma'am, he's traveled around, some."

"He's traveled—who, Mr. Ziegler?" she asked. "Oh, yes, I presume so. At one time he was with a circus or carnival, I don't know how long; once in a while he speaks of it."

"A feller learns to do magic tricks, I suppose," Curley offered as he opened the door, "when he's in a carnival."

"I don't know—we must get back."

For several days nothing out of routine occurred. The players labored under Bloom's whip; set up, instructions, rehearse, shoot, refine, change, rehearse again, and the cameras would click some more. Meantime, Curley was watching intently the preliminary screening of each section and even took away the discarded clippings, plastering them against a basement window, to pore over them with his helper each morning. One morning he selected a shadowy, three-inch clipping from the discards which he carefully wrapped up and stowed away in his card case with his plant pass and electrician's license.

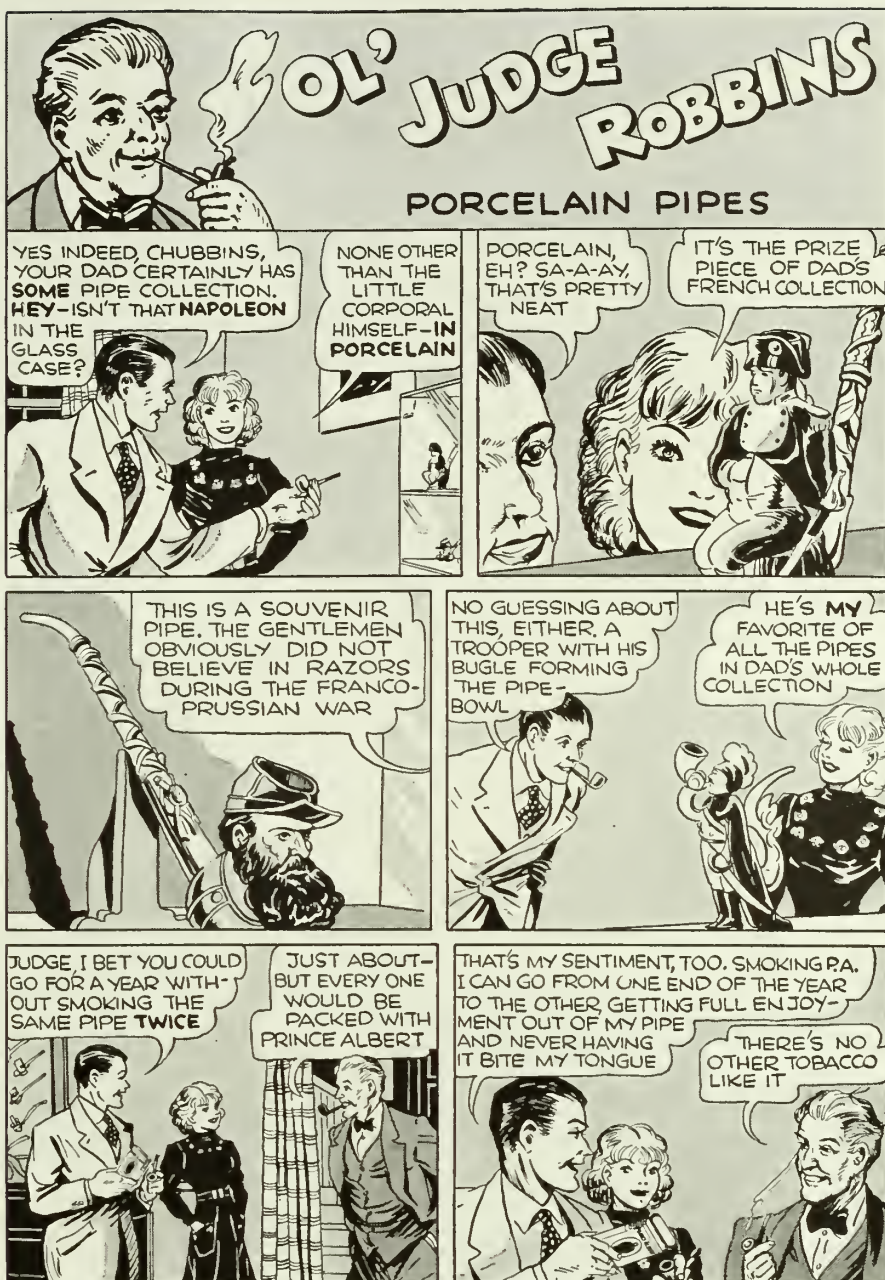
With only the photography at the fulminate house left to be done, Bloom suddenly ordered the retake of a yard scene which involved only the girls of the group, leaving the men with nothing to do and with Ziegler slouched at a time-keeper's desk. Curley fumbled in his pockets.

"Let's shoot a round of pitch," he suggested, pulling a stool up to the desk, "we gotta keep outa trouble, somehow. Here, you deal," shoving over the cards. "Say," he continued, "I useter know a feller who studied to run the lights in a theayter; summers he'd swing out with a circus or something. He got good pay there 'cause he could run a gas engine, you know, one of them portables to make juice for the lights. He was always studyin' like that—Jack Terry—ever meet him?" Curley reached over to cut the cards. "A guy showed him how to spoil a cut, something like this, only I'm no good at it. Kin you do it? Boy, oh boy, that's clever."

"Kin you make things disappear in your hand," he asked, holding up the play, "and fish 'em outta your pocket? Jack could, and I always wished he'd show me. He'd take anything, like these shells," going over to toss back two pieces from a press hopper, "and do the trick." He watched Ziegler's obliging legerdemain with childlike intensity. "That's the one, that's the way, just like Jack. Gosh, I see now, there's always one in your pocket that you take away when the trick's done. I'm mighty glad to know that."

Shortly, the game was terminated by Bloom's orders to proceed to the last shot—at the fulminate house. Leaving his helper to bring along the apparatus, Curley hurried ahead to make sure the little buildings were clear of operators or any possible danger from mixing operations. Circumstance threw him with the chief, also walking that way, and Curley eagerly engaged him in serious conversation. Evidently the chief agreed to the point Curley was making for he then ran to the row of shacks and waved the waiting troupe, after a quick inspection, toward the one with the door left open.

Gingerly each one prepared for his place in the rehearsal, the girls staying discreetly outside (Continued on page 44)



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365 DAYS OF SMOKING JOY EVERY YEAR!



Prince Albert has what it takes to make pipe smoking a year-in-and-year-out pleasure. In the big red P. A. tin there are 50 pipefuls of prize tobaccos that smoke exceptionally cool. P.A.'s scientific "crimp cut" insures that. And Prince Albert does not bite the tongue. Discover for yourself how much extra smoking satisfaction you get with Prince Albert. Of course, Prince Albert is swell "makin's" too.



PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert.

Bad Actor

(Continued from page 43)

the sand banks. Even Bloom was hushed, for him, and hurried; all carried that attitude of a first visit inside a morgue. However with instructions and the first rehearsal of the really simple motions being photographed overwith, the tension eased and even Dark Eyes strolled in to watch the take from the vantage of a seat on the bench.

THE Ballistic crowd (they would be called a Research Department nowadays) at that time were pressed into a stiff battle on two fronts, plus a skirmish with safety on the side. Over across, bullets, on belts, were jamming regularly as the gunners, on the ground and in the air, fed them into machine guns. Jams meant trouble, delays, curses, losses and, too frequently, life. The guns, perhaps, could not be blamed for all of it, so Hawley's men had brought forth a clever change in the shell-case design, to overcome that sticking in the gun breeches. Vince Hawley's whole life, just then, was dedicated to the ideal that our Works must lead with every possible improvement and as Chief of Ballistics he was directing a first-class job.

Let a dud machine gun shell hit the row into the breech and for the space of that one click there is no firing reaction; the gun may eject the dud and load in the next shell from sheer momentum. Almost inevitably, however, it stutters and stops until the gunner jerks it into action again. The slip produces a jam, sometimes—usually the wrong time. Hence, our Research was working on faster firing shells which meant snappier primers. On paper, they formulated a hotter, faster, more violently explosive priming compound, but they were afraid to ask any man to mix it by hand. Answer: A machine to be devised which a man could fill with the separate, harmless components, which he could start up and return to, later, to find a properly mixed batch of violent death safely wet down. The latest development of Hawley's effort along this line lay on the bench next to where Dark Eyes was then sitting.

This long dreaded bit of photography done, it was not until Curley snapped off the generator and white-hot arcs subsided into blackness that eyes became sufficiently accustomed to ordinary daylight to discover Hawley smiling in the doorway.

"How do you do," he said. "I am Mr. Hawley, I've been quite interested in your way of doing things; I am honored to have our poor work included in your picture."

"I think the honors are ours," laughed Bloom, "we have been mighty nervous in here; I feel a little less shaky when I

see you so calm, but I suppose you know the lion you are taming."

Hawley was essentially handsome, he owned brown eyes that glowed always with quiet enthusiasm and his smile never cheated him. Dark Eyes caught all that in a second and in the next one she had slipped in beside him and Bloom. Poor Curley just stood there with mouth agape while the three conversed; unnoticed, in his lately suspicious mind, was the girl's chatter, leading skilfully to questions about the machine and bringing courteous, but rather too informative, replies from Hawley. Unnoticed, too, was the activity of the leading man. Hawley, under feminine influence, was just plain forgetting. He started to take the cover from the machine, to demonstrate his explanation—there was a hissing flash, a snapping report, the girl squealed.

"What the hakes you doing?" yelled Curley, jolted out of his dream and jumping at his helper's neck.

"My wrench dropped on the fuse block—honest, I didn't mean to do it." The helper dodged Curley's thrust, lurched against Hawley and sprawled over the machine. In the meantime everyone else had scuttled to safety.

The flash of the short circuit terminated the picture taking at the Plant. Bloom withdrew his company, cameras and equipment to Long Island, there to finish, in a studio, his picture. But he never completed it, all because there was treachery in the hearts of two who filled most of the film footage, and also because the indicator over Curley's ear flashed a red warning that converted those two into Government boarders.

To escape the pitiless satire on love his foreman ladled to him, Curley found an excuse to wander up through the open field on the east side of the river, a little stretch of meadow which separated the South Plant from the North. This open lot, known as the switching yard, kept the row of fulminate houses, west of the river, from the powder loading rooms over on the eastern end of the meadow. Curley was refilling one of the bunker light sockets when it happened.

"IT" BURST startlingly out of the blanket of quiet that seemed to lay over the humming, dreaming, droning plant on this summer day. It was an explosion, not like the boom of a big gun, nor the muffled growl of dynamite, but an enormous bla-a-m, such a roar a gigantic gas oven might make. Curley's whole body jerked, spasmodically, his neck snapped and he bit his tongue. His numb brain scarcely noticed the sharp plop of something dropping nearby in the river nor the soft thud of an object

lighting in the coal nearby. He looked—ugh!—it was a hand, attached to what had been an arm, partly covered with a remnant of bloody sleeve.

Dully, something else was thumping a signal in his aching, ringing head. He scrambled down to the edge of the creek and splashed cool water on his face; the splash of his hand completed the connection. Slipping off shoes and socks he waded in, back and forth, out as far as his rolled-up trousers permitted, and back, just as he did at low tide treading for clams on the sand flats. Sharp objects, buried in the ooze of the river bottom, bruised his feet; many he lifted up and tossed back. Then his patient work was rewarded: his foot landed on a smooth, round object. Unmindful of stinking, muddy water, forgetting his clothes, he pitched down to the bottom and sucked a casting out of the mud. It was revealed to him as part of a motor housing—the dome-shaped casting which supported the brass bearing; clinging in the bearing was the twisted shaft of the armature, its windings spread in a snarl of wire all over the core. He examined the wreckage for any possible clues. From habit, he lifted the oil-reservoir cap, covering the bearing, and peered in at the oil ring. He needed to see no more. He pulled out a fragment of a rag wedged under the oil ring, between the shaft and the bearing—a tiny strip of linen, evidently torn from a handkerchief. In a few minutes he was on the way to the main office lugging the fragment of arm, newspaper wrapped, and the remains of the motor.

THE blow-up—its detonation—caught the chief nodding over his desk top, it startled him so he was dazed for a minute, before he could leap to the window. There was nothing to be seen, that is nothing moving, hardly a drift of dust or smoke—primer mix is, to say the least, thorough in its work—but his eyes traveled unerringly to that same row of houses, to discover at once the gap, the tooth missing.

"The new mixing house!" he gasped. "Was Hawley in there working?" He shouted frantically: "Miss Lund—Miss Lund, see if Hawley's in his office, quick." His voice lowered to a moan, "My God if he's got it, oh my God—"

"My God what?" it was Hawley at his door. "Quit praying and staring at me, let's get going down there."

"Then you were not in there?"

"No, no, no," Hawley threw over his shoulder to the chief dashing after him, "we were just starting the new mix formula, trying it in that new machine. I don't know which one of the boys was in there."

Along with them a crowd was converging on the tragedy; guards, machine hands, porters, the Plant emergency crew—nurse and all—everybody was running. There was little to see: Part of the split, torn, splintered floor of the shack still clung to foundation posts; one earth wall was badly dug up and scarred, the grass seared black, its crest had been toppled into the river. That was all, everything else—wood, machine, operator—was scattered in tiny bits somewhere all over the property, or dumped in the river; by contrast, the silence was almost ghastly.

The Works Manager gathered his subordinates for an emergency hearing—a very solemn party. Nobody, just then, was able to offer a definite idea. Telephone calls to every point in the plant, in sight of the blow, failed to uncover further information; Hawley's office could not even name the casualty. Into the group came the Manager's secretary.

"Mr. Witham, there is a man out here who insists on seeing you right now, I can't make him leave."

"See me, now? No, let him wait; Lord, what a time to call!" Then noting the confused look in her face, "No, wait a minute, what does he look like?"

"Why, I guess he is one of the workmen, but he is simply filthy—all covered with mud and soaking wet."

"Wait, maybe he knows something, what's his name?"

The girl leaned out the door. "He says he is Mister Curley."

"Curley?" cried the Chief, "let him in, bring him in quick—of course he knows; hey, Curley, come in here. Why didn't I think of you before, what have you there?"

Curley deposited the parcel and the motor part on the conference table and drew over to one side where his muddy dripping would not ruin the rug. "When the shanty blew up," he related to his expectant and questioning audience, "I was filling bulbs in those empty sockets by the coal pockets. I guess it sorta knocked me cuckoo, for a while, I had to lay down for a minute. All the time I was trying to dope out what I heard landing in the river; I was groggy, I couldn't think, you see. Then I got up and the first thing I see is this." He reached over to give everyone a peek at the gruesome contents of the newspaper package.

"Dear Heaven," Hawley groaned, amid the exclamations and grunts of the others, "it had to be Camp—he always wore blue shirts. The only married man we had. He was a prince of a fellow, smart as a whip—go on, Curley, before I yell."

Curley resumed, "That arm opened my eyes, quick. I figured there was more of him in the river, so I ploughs in, in my bare feet, and felt around the bottom but I couldn't feel no more of him.

There was this thing in the mud, though," pointing to the wrecked motor parts. "I thought you oughta see it."

"I guess that explains, Mr. Witham, why nothing has been found," said the chief. "Everything fell back in the river, like this piece."

"Well, looking at that piece," Witham replied, "does not help us to explain what caused the explosion."

"No, I'm afraid the evidence went in the river, too," Hawley added.

"Excuse me, sir," Curley put in, addressing Hawley, "but when that machine was mixing the—well, whatever you put in it, would anything happen if the motor stalled all of a sudden, would that make it blow up?"

"It is possible it would," answered Hawley, "it was supposed to mix, dry, automatically for a certain number of revolutions—there was a worm and cam timing it—then the mixture would be flushed with water at just the right second. If the motor stopped just before the point of flushing, it all might explode. I know we all talked that point over—supposing a fuse blew or the power went off. Camp was mighty confident it wouldn't flare if you left it all night. But he was fiddling, just the same, with something to overcome that difficulty."

"Excuse me again," Curley said. "That motor stalled. There's a rag in the oil well, wedged in the bearing. It was put in there, I know—" (Continued on page 46)

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Bad Actor

(Continued from page 45)

"Just a minute, Curley," Mr. Witham interrupted him, and then to his secretary, "what is it?"

"Washington is on the wire—very urgent for you."

There was a criss-cross of conversation with the Works Manager listening, mostly. Finally he interrupted and turned to Curley.

"Have you had a new helper for the last few weeks," he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Pretty smart fellow?"

"You bet."

"Did you know who he was?"

"No, he never talked much."

Turning again to the telephone, he continued, "Yes, that checks all right here. Now listen, I have a man right here now in my office who has just brought in some corking evidence, it ties right up with what you have. No, I think it would be better to bring it right to you. How soon? How about New York tonight? Yes, I can get over by then. How's that? No, it's too late, we had an explosion an hour ago—yes, one man. Let me have that again." Witham listened intently, then motioned to Hawley.

"How would information on that new shell crimping," in a lowered voice, "get outside so soon?"

"I gotta butt in again," Curley was reaching in his pocket, "here's the dope right here. See this film? That feller's got the other piece of it—he sneaked in a close-up. He was a magician, he made the shell disappear and come out his pocket." Witham motioned him to stop and turned to the phone.

"I will not hold you any longer, this same man has information on that too. I will talk to him, yes; I will either phone you right back, or, better still, I will bring him with me tonight."

"That clears things up," said Witham, turning to the group, "it is too bad they could not have worked fast enough to save poor Camp."

"But what is it, Mr. Witham?" asked Hawley, "if it is any of my business."

"Moving pictures," he replied. "Curley, did you know this Ziegler before he appeared here?"

"Him? I'll say—I had a hunch it was him. A long time before I came here, I was working for a contractor on a mill in Georgia. There was a carnival came and

we went to it every night. Pay night, some of us got cheerful and after the show we played some stud with a coupla carnival guys in one of the tents. One fella was smart; after they cleaned us out this feller showed us how to do card tricks and magically, next morning I couldn't find my watch."

"I guess Ziegler sold himself out," resumed Witham, after the laugh. "Somebody found out about this picture and put pressure on him; they sent along a girl to help him. He pretty nearly succeeded. He and the girl were getting a section of film and a sample shell to somebody when they were picked up. Probably they failed to secure definite data on the mixing machine so they, or one of them, decided to destroy it, or try to, which would hold up developments for a while, anyway."

"As for you, Mister Curley," turning to him, "you go home, get dressed, fit to travel with a gentleman—put in your toothbrush—and come back here, all as quickly as you can. Tonight you will be the Government's number one helper versus two acquaintances of yours. Maybe you will get your watch back."

Miles Per Hour

(Continued from page 29)

ease," therefore making in excess of the maximum figure mentioned.

One does not ordinarily connect the fragile little hummingbird with long-sustained flight. Certainly it is not thought of as an ocean voyager, and yet this feathered atom accomplishes startling feats of both speed and distance. Its admirers over much of the country realize that they do not see hummers in winter. At that season they are sojourning in South America or the West Indies. To get there they must cross water and lots of it. The route of the hummer takes it across the Gulf of Mexico, and the over-water distance varies from five hundred to seven hundred miles. No one can say how rapidly this distance is covered, but it is certainly a non stop flight.

The writer has on more than one occasion timed hummers in flight by automobile speedometer. The average speed is somewhat in excess of 40 miles an hour. Speeds of 35 to 47 miles have been noted, and on one or two occasions in the North Carolina mountains, some hundreds of yards of parallel running have shown speeds of exactly 45 miles an hour.

Duck shooters will tell stories of "at least 75 or 100 miles an hour" attained by teal and other wild fowl. True, it

seems that the birds are doing that, particularly if one leads them well and still misses. I have known gunners to lead a file of teal more than was considered necessary to kill the leading bird and actually hit either the last in line or one nearly at the end. The ducks have furnished a great deal of ground for speculation.

The great majority of wild fowl, however, long thought to be very fast, do not as a rule average much more than 40 miles an hour. This will doubtless be a surprise to many sportsmen. Various articles have appeared from time to time in sporting magazines relative to the speed of ducks, geese and swans, but too many of them are based on guesswork.

Several years ago, Colonel Richard Meinertzhagen published in a scientific journal, *The Ibis*, a treatise on the subject and advanced the theory that birds in general have two speeds. One he called the normal rate, used under ordinary conditions and during migration; the other the accelerated rate, resorted to in time of stress or alarm, almost if not quite double the normal rate.

Generally speaking, 40 to 65 miles an hour is the range of nearly all of the ducks. Everyday flight and migration speeds hardly exceed 45 to 50 miles. Hurried flight will sometimes result in an over

a mile-a-minute rate.

"King Canvas" seems to be the criterion of speed in the duck world as he is upon the table. This species has been known to attain a speed of 72 miles an hour. In speed, therefore, the canvas-back is still the king among ducks, with the golden-eye a close second.

Swans have long been credited with two characteristics which seem to have little foundation in fact. One is their supposed great age, and the other their high speed. Ages up to and over one hundred years have been credited to a swan's life span, but careful study in recent years has shown twenty-five years to be a ripe old age for a swan. This bird is outlived by many geese and some ducks. The speed reputation has likewise suffered a decline, and the aviator has been the source of such information.

In the ornithological journal *The Auk* some time ago appeared an item dealing with the experience of a pilot. He took off from an airport in Pennsylvania and was flying at an altitude of 1400 feet when he saw ahead of him a flock of migrating whistling swans. Seizing the opportunity, he pursued the big birds at once and easily caught up with them. Following this he actually flew with the flock for more than fifteen minutes, during which

time he took careful note. There were about one hundred birds in the flock, and he found that by flying about the edge of the formation he could herd the birds at will, and in such maneuvers realized that he was far exceeding their speed.

On some of the straightaways he could measure the rate of speed with no trouble whatever, and found that the maximum rate was 55 miles. In this case it was quite obvious that the birds were alarmed and doing their best.

Much discussion has been voiced in regard to the speed of quail. The most accurate experiments, conducted by stop-watch, have shown the top speed of this famous game-bird to be slightly under 50 miles. Quail do not fly far as a rule, and the highest pitch of speed is not maintained except for short bursts. The birds are at their fastest just after exploding into the air, when the speed then decreases rather than accelerates. It would be safe enough to say that the average bob-white rises from the ground and darts away at from 45 to 50 miles.

Little is known as yet of the ruffed grouse, but it is probable that similar speeds are attained by it, perhaps not quite as fast. The heavy-bodied geese are comparatively slow fliers, speeds of between 40 and 50 miles being maintained. These birds lack the accelerating power of the ducks.

Whatever else may have been said of the crow, it is rarely looked upon as an exponent of speed, and yet he is well in the forefront in this respect. A contribution to a scientific journal of recent date stated that a locomotive engineer who has done considerable research along these lines timed crows in New York State and found that they "could just about keep up" to a train going 58-62 miles per hour.

No doubt the activities of "carrier" pigeons will occur to many, and among these birds accurate records are available because of the many racing associations to be found throughout the country. A few averages will probably reveal the fact that exaggeration has been the rule here, as well as with other birds. In *The Auk* for July, 1933, R. A. Mullen of Washington, D. C., gives several instances of distance flights and miles-per-hour averages. In five cases, with Washington as a destination from points in Alabama, Tennessee and Virginia, the average speed was found to be 51½ miles an hour. A world's record for a two-hundred-mile distance was flown by a pigeon from Cameron, West Virginia, to Washington in 2.7 hours—an average of 74.5.

The speed attained by the great family of song-birds is really surprisingly slow. Many of the small perching birds make less than 20 miles an hour in routine flight. The familiar kingbird, blue jay, meadowlark, catbird and robin average from 15 to 23. Baltimore orioles have been timed at speeds as low as 12 miles an hour, though they are capable of reaching 26 (Continued on page 48)

A Happy New Year for

Kathryn



Dear Warner: You can toss away the memorandum of that other phone number now as we have one of our own! And if you don't think I feel swell about it, you're not the sweet brother I think you are. I get a kick every time I pass that telephone in the living room.

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Miles Per Hour

(Continued from page 47)

m.p.h. under stress. The family of sparrows and warblers, wrens and others are all slow movers.

At the other end of the list, and exceeding even the speed of the fastest wildfowl, are some of the birds of prey—not so much the heavy, soaring hawks such as the red-shouldered and red-tailed species but that famous family of raptorial birds which was once employed in the royal sport of falconry. The beau ideal of the birds of prey is, without doubt, the duck hawk, our American counterpart of the famous peregrine falcon of Europe. Though eagles are very fast and have been known to exceed the speed of an express train, the duck hawk exceeds the eagle.

As a matter of fact, no one knows exactly how fast a duck hawk *can* fly. Its hunting tactics consist of gaining a position above the intended quarry and swooping down upon it with tremendous

velocity. It is what the aviator would call a power dive. When one considers that this falcon can overtake a frightened duck, gain a position above it and descend with half closed wings like a feathered projectile, it will be apparent that excessively high speed is reached.

Just what this rate is remains to be found out, but duck hawks have been timed by stop watches over a known distance. The results of researches by D. D. McLean of California disclosed that this splendid bird actually attained an average speed of 165 miles per hour and a maximum of 180.

This is by far the top-notch of measured bird speed now known. Even to the speed-mad human race it is an impressive figure.

If a specimen picked at random and timed in ordinary chase achieved 180 miles per hour, it is certainly reasonable to suppose that a particularly vigorous

bird should better that figure by 20.

One would naturally conclude, then, that the duck hawk is the fastest bird that flies. This, however, is not the case. The real kings of speed are birds which would probably be far down the list in any guessing contest conducted among those who have not looked into the matter. The fastest birds are the swifts—the familiar little chimney swift or its relatives. No bird is better named.

Accurate records of the velocity attained by them are not available, but it is well known that chimney swifts have circled airplanes in full flight, and this when the latter were proceeding at a speed of well over one hundred miles per hour. No seeming effort was put forth—the birds swooped and darted about with their usual easy ability. That this can be accomplished speaks volumes, and when their maximum rate is finally determined it will no doubt be an astounding figure.

Arms and the Radio

(Continued from page 11)

use for transmitting news photographs, suggests itself as adaptable for despatch to headquarters of maps and photos made from observation planes, and for messages as well. Not only does it assure accuracy in transmission but it would largely eliminate coding and decoding, since each piece of military information sent in facsimile would carry its own proof of authenticity.

This year has seen the invention of the "coat-pocket transmitter" which may be carried in the palm of the hand. It already has been successfully employed in commercial broadcasting. Operating on a one-metre wave length, its battery unit weighs less than four pounds, its aerial rod is only half a meter long and it has a four-mile range. It is easy to conceive how advantageous that device would be in war time to advanced front-line units.

Maneuvers in which parachute men have been dropped by airplanes behind the enemy lines open up whole ranges of interesting possibilities. If each of these scouts or spies were equipped with an easily portable short wave transmitter, it would solve his chief difficulty—that of sending information gained back to his own lines.

While television as a practical service in peace or war is not an immediate possibility, steady progress is being made in its development. One phase of it which stirs the imagination is the ultimate possibility that the television camera, while

trailed from planes flying high, could take views of enemy movements or positions, as well as of the progress of one's own troops, and place on a screen before commanding officers a moving picture of the action along the front. The value of such a panorama in the conduct of an attack and the direction of artillery fire would be immense. A deep-sea model of the same device would serve to scan the bottom for lurking submarines.

Remote control by radio already is an established fact. By it the tanks of a future war, with no men in them, may be crashed through barbed wire to crush concrete pill-boxes and machine-gun nests. Bombing planes, with no pilots aboard, may be steered over enemy territory to drop their explosives and, their mission performed, recalled. Conceptions which once seemed equally fantastic have evolved into reality.

Statesmen have declared that national frontiers have been thrust outward many miles by the airplane. Radio has in a sense obliterated frontiers entirely, for the limit of a nation's primary defense or offense is measured by the range of its wireless stations, not by that of its cruising air fleets. How far the ancient barriers of time and space have been reduced can be gauged from the fact that last year a radio message was sent twice around the world in one minute and forty seconds.

The record of recent troubled years shows the nations of Europe clashing

repeatedly over the air. "Jamming" each other's broadcasts or refusing to relay them has not always barred the words which can be more dangerous than bombs. The penetrating power of radio is another reminder that modern warfare involves an entire nation, not its military forces alone.

There are still, however, many American citizens who doubt how directly, other than economically, they would be affected by a future conflict. Our fortunate geographical situation might spare them war at first hand, but their morale would be strenuously attacked. The twenty or thirty million radio receiving sets in their homes would be the target for enemy propaganda and as open to it, at least in the case of the short wave sets, as they are today to international broadcasts regularly sped across oceans. Remember that in the World War the first break of the Central Powers came in their morale and that Germany was vanquished without any invasion of her territory, with her army still in the field.

But, it may be objected, our own wireless stations would blanket the enemy messages and blast them out of the air. What poor strategy that would be! The suspicions of every listener would be aroused at once. He would be certain that a disaster to our arms was being hidden from him. How far wiser to let him take the foe's announcements with a grain of salt and to offset them with our own. The cleverest conduct of war

over the air would be, paraphrasing the words of the Confederate cavalryman, Bedford Forrest: "To get there fustest with the mostest news." Furthermore, it had best be true news. The over-rosy communiqués of the World War were generally discounted. Dealing honestly with the civilian population at home is the best way to win its strongest backing—even if that honesty involves an admission such as Haig made when he told the British: "Our backs are to the wall."

Censorship, particularly if it is too rigid, may defeat its ends. Such may prove to be the fate of the recent Nazi attempt to limit mechanically the reception of all German home radio sets to government broadcasts.

With an enemy using mobile broadcasting stations, high-power transmission, and constant changes of wave length, it is unlikely that the United States would be able entirely to blot out by electrical interference propaganda directed against us. In fact it would be better not to disrupt our own internal broadcasting system with the attempt. The old military maxim that the best method of defense is attack holds true of this novel situation, and our progress in radio equipment and installations is making us one of the most formidable powers in the world for warfare on the air waves.

Aside from war news and propaganda, radio listeners may tune in on actual battles. It already has been done. Japan has broadcast the sounds of combat on the Manchurian front. Our Army maneuvers in New York State last summer were covered under conditions simulating those of the front as nearly as possible, and descriptions sent out over a national hook-up. Both short waves and ultra-high frequency were in use at the same time. Pack sets were used by front line observers whose signals were picked up and re-broadcast. Mobile units mounted on trucks accompanied the artillery.

Such are the potentialities of radio in the home sector and in the field. On the armament side, it must be pointed out that history shows that war has become less deadly in proportion to the number of men engaged, and that would probably hold true if "robot" weapons, directed by radio, went into action. Yet war is terrible in any case, and any man will prefer to look with hope at the other side of the picture which radio presents.

For the increasingly efficient uses of radio tend to make the whole world into a neighborhood, encouraging the growth of understanding and peace. It is not so easy to quarrel with a country with which we are in constant contact over the air—when nations' news and views along with their music and songs, are mutually heard. Then the citizens of one land less readily think of those of another as "foreigners," and peace on earth, good will to men draw closer to realization as the destiny of humanity.

Chimon—PICK YOUR PRIZE

BOYS-GIRLS MEN-WOMEN



GIVEN
Sweet Toned VIOLIN

Handsome finish, highly polished. Set of strings and bow included. **SEND NO MONEY.** Just name and address. **WE TRUST YOU** with 24 pkts. of Seeds to sell at 10c. When sold send \$2.40 collected and we will send Violin Outfit and Instruction Book.



SPORT WATCH
A Perfect Time Keeper

GIVEN

Long tonneau shape, chrome finish embossed case, Newest linked wrist band. It's a **Dandy**. Send a pack. Remit money collected, then watch is yours. **Positively No Extra Money to Pay. WRITE TODAY.**



Blue Bird GRANITE COOKING SET
Convenient and sanitary kitchen utensils that you use every day. Blue Bird granite is most durable, finished to mirror smoothness, acid proof and easy to keep.

Will Make You Proud of Your Kitchen

clean. In color it is a beautiful mottled blue-gray. The entire set, given as one premium, consists of four regular-sized pieces: one Mixing Bowl, one Frying Pan, one Preserving Kettle with handle, one Sauce Pan. Given for distributing only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c each. We pay postage.



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Share the thrill of Basketball. Now a major sport. Given for the sale of 24 pkts. of Seeds at 10c a pkt. **WE TRUST YOU.**



CRINKLED BED SPREAD
In Attractive Colors

A glorious surprise. It surely has beauty and always popular because it is so practical. The crinkled stripes are neatly woven in contrasting colors of rose, gold, or blue, the same on both sides, and stand the wash tub well. No ironing—just let it dry and it is ready for use. Size 80x90 inches, big enough to cover over pillows and bolster, giving effect of a two piece set. Given for selling only 24 pkts. of Garden Seeds at 10c.



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Imported From Europe

Get this handsome instrument NOW. Just send your name and address. **Send NO MONEY.** When sold send \$2.40 collected and we will send this mahogany finish Guitar and Five Minute Instruction Book absolutely FREE.



A REGULAR MAN'S WATCH A completely new standard model with improved movement. Given for selling 24 packets of Seeds at 10c a packet. We pay all postage.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Cut Here

LANCASTER COUNTY SEED CO.
Station 370, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me at once 24 packets of "Garden-Spot" Seeds. I agree to sell them within 30 days and return money for my G.I.T. according to your offers. You agree to send my gift promptly, postpaid.

Name _____

Post Office _____

State _____

Street or R. F. D. No. _____ Box _____

Save 2 cents by filling in, pasting and Mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY

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Full Size Professional ARC WELDER

Men! Get into something new! Big steady profits sure with Aladdin—world's lowest priced, full-size, heavy duty Electric Arc Welder. Retail only \$19.25 with De Luxe Accessories. Has efficiency of equipment costing \$145.00 and more. Uses standard coated or shielded welding rods, welds everything from heavy castings to light sheet metal. Fully guaranteed. Used by big companies, U. S. Gov't, etc.

Works from 110 or 220 Volt A. C. Socket. Costs only few pennies an hour to use. Comes complete with goggles, welding rods, leads, tongs, etc. Nothing else to buy. Full instructions included.

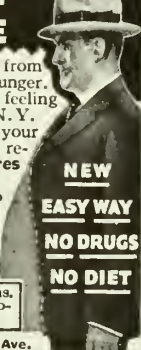
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"Director Belt reduced my waistline from 42 to 34 inches. I feel 10 years younger. Constipation gone—no tired, bloated feeling after meals."—G. NEWTON, Troy, N. Y.

Director Belt instantly improves your appearance, puttsnap in your step, relieves "shortness of breath," restores **YOUR VIGOR as fat vanishes.**

Loose, fallen abdominal muscles go back where they belong. Gentle massage-like action increases elimination and regularity in a normal way without use of harsh, irritating cathartics. You look and feel years younger.

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Make up to \$75 a week
It's no trick to make up to \$12 a day when you use your car as a McNess "Store on Wheels." Farmers are buying everything they can from McNess men. Attractive business-getting prizes, also money-saving deals to customers make selling McNess daily necessities a snap. This business is depression-proof.

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There's no better work anywhere—pays well, permanent, need no experience to start and we supply capital to help you get started quick. You start making money first day. Write at once for McNess Dealer Book—tells all—no obligation.

(92-A)
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JUNIOR DRUM CORPS

EASY TO ORGANIZE



New movement is sweeping the country. Many Legion Posts have proved Junior Drum Corps big success in stirring up new interest. Easy to organize and get quick action. Can be ready for parade in few weeks' time.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOK

Leedy has a plan that's clicking everywhere. We will gladly show you and tell you just how to insure success. Complete literature tells everything you want to know. It's free. No obligation. Write now.

LEEDY MFG. CO., 101 LEEDY BLDG. ELKHART, INDIANA

You Just Can't Kill 'Em

(Continued from page 27)

enjoyable for the old Princess Pat soldier.

Bill Cook, assistant manager of the New York Rangers this season and for ten successive years captain of the same team, carries the same indomitable spirit into action on the ice. In fact one of the oldest feuds in hockey (it began back around 1923-24 when Bill was playing for Saskatoon and Dutton for Calgary) exists between these two. While they have not tangled as frequently of late as in past years, at one time a collision between the two inevitably wound up with both dropping their gloves and sticks and flying at each other with fists flailing away. It is just the natural outcome when an old artilleryman like Bill, who was with the 46th Battery, and an infantryman meet.

WHENEVER hockey fans get together and begin to discuss the stars of the game Bill Cook usually is selected as one of the greatest right wings of all time. Others mentioned along with him are Charlie Conacher of the Toronto Maple Leafs and the late Charles "Scotty" Davidson, who also played for Toronto. Davidson rests under a little white cross not far from Ypres. A hand grenade which he was about to toss went off prematurely, ending his career at the age of twenty-four.

Cook went over to England with the 46th Battery in the fall of 1915 and was in France early in 1916. Bill has nearly always managed to escape serious injury and had it not been for an attack of pneumonia might have gone through the war without a visit to a hospital. After he recovered he was shipped to Archangel in northern Russia with the 66th Battery, where he was stationed for a year. He was awarded the Military Medal for his service in Russia.

Bill has been a member, many people say the mainstay, of the famous Cook-Boucher-Cook forward line which was composed of Frank Boucher and the Cook brothers Bill and Bun. Their value to the New York club can best be judged when you consider that during the nine years they played as a unit the Rangers never finished out of the play-offs, but last season when Lester Patrick, manager of the Rangers, was forced to break up the line the Blue Shirts failed to make the grade. This season with the sale of Bun Cook to Boston the line has been completely disbanded, which is a break for the other clubs.

Off hand you might not consider the records of these war veterans remarkable, but if you will glance around at your friends and see how many of them were "over there" and still look as though they could go out on the ice, on the football field or the baseball diamond,

and play a full game in the fastest leagues on the continent you will begin to realize that they are truly men of iron.

Have you ever seen big Ivan "Ching" Johnson barging up the ice, his bald head gleaming, a grin spread across his moon-like face? Fritz tried to knock that grin from the big Swede's face at Vimy years ago but failed, and the toughest players in hockey have been doing their utmost to make him scowl, but have failed to succeed. In their zeal to ruffle the calm which always seems to surround the Winnipeg Scandinavian they have not spared the hickory, and while "Ching" was gassed overseas he did manage to escape flesh wounds, which is more than can be said of his experiences in the wars which they stage annually in the National Hockey League.

Since turning professional with the Rangers in the fall of 1926 "Ching" has had his jaw fractured, his collar-bone broken, twelve ribs caved in at various times, his leg and ankle broken and many minor injuries too numerous to mention. But whenever you see the "Chinaman"—as his friends call him—whether he is being carried crippled from the ice or drinking a glass of his favorite beverage, that same infectious smile is still spread across his face.

Johnson enlisted in the summer of 1915 and sailed for England in January, 1916, with the Third Division Ammunition Column. After six months' training in England he was sent to France and went up to the front lines for the first time in July, 1916. He was there almost continuously with the exception of a visit to a hospital occasioned by his having breathed too deeply at the wrong time during a German gas attack at Paschendaale.

THE Montreal Maroons own in Lorne Chabot a goaltender who went overseas with the 7th Brigade in June 1916 and after two years in France was given his discharge on Armistice Day because he was still *too young* to be in the army. Lorne has been adept at blocking pucks which have been fired at him. He once blocked one with his eye during the world series of 1927-'28 when he was a member of the New York Rangers. He claims the reason he turned to goaltending was because he was so expert at dodging bullets he figured that if he just reversed the procedure he should make a star goalie. His line of reasoning seems to have been vindicated because there are few if any goaltenders the equal of the raven-haired giant.

When Lorne got his discharge from the army he lost little time joining the Royal Northwest Mounted Police and played on the red coats' team while stationed

at Brandon. Another "mounty" who played with the Regina team used to make life miserable for him. It was Frank Boucher.

Last season when I was talking with some of the players in the dressing room of the New York Americans the conversation turned to players who had served overseas. Bill Brydge, then still active with the Americans, told us about some fellows who went over and failed to come back. He told us about "Scotty" Davidson, George Richardson and Frank McGee, all hockey immortals who found a permanent resting place in France. He told us about others who had returned and had played for a few years. As the conversation ended Bill left the room and Harry Oliver, one of his teammates, came over and said: "Bill can always tell you about the other fellow's career but he never mentions the fact that he was over for three years, was wounded twice and cited for bravery in action."

I had known Bill for about eight years, had been with him on trips and had spent many pleasant hours in his company, but in all that time not once did this modest hero mention that he himself had served in France for three years.

EVERY hockey fan on the continent knows little Charles "Rabbit" McVeigh. Although he is now with the London Tecumsehs in the International League the "Rabbit" was in the major leagues for fifteen years during which time his acrobatic style of play was famous all over the hockey world. One of the real comedians of the game, the "Rabbit" made life just one long laugh after another. I don't know his real age—he won't tell, just says that he was entering high school when Dutton was graduating—but, if he was more than sixteen when he enlisted Shirley Temple is over twenty-one.

McVeigh was one of the famous "ladies from hell" enlisting with the 16th Canadian Scottish, one of Canada's crack kiltie regiments. His lieutenant was "Bullet Joe" Simpson, another well known player and manager who handled the New York Americans for several years. The "Rabbit" had played hockey against Joe before they both joined up and he never learned that Joe was a lieutenant and therefore should be given that special respect which is reserved for officers of this lofty rank. Joe thought the best thing he could do was appoint the "Rabbit" his orderly and thus save himself from being called "Joe" in front of the company by the irrepressible McVeigh. Joe's decision led him into one entanglement after another, even so.

Those of you who go to the major league games or may have been in the

Middle West during the past season will have seen Helge Bostrom play. A mighty, blond Norseman, Helge is almost as broad as he is tall. He completes the list of those war veterans still active in the game. Strangely Helge received his most serious wound in hockey when his right foot was almost severed at the instep while he was playing for the Chicago Black Hawks against the Rangers in New York some years ago. A skate, its blade razor sharp, bit through shoe and sock and as Helge was carried from the ice the foot dangled loosely, almost completely severed. No one expected he would ever be able to skate again but

after the doctor had taken 148 stitches to close the wound and the old Viking had rested up the foot for a few months he was ready again to return to the wars.

When you feel stiff after bowling a few games or playing a round of golf think of Johnson, Dutton, Cook, Chabot, McVeigh and Bostrom. Their bones may creak and they may have lost a little of their zip but the same unbeatable spirit which carried them through the greatest of all wars still propels them up the ice on attack after attack and like real old soldiers they will never quit so long as they can still toss a leg over the boards and wield a hockey stick.

First-Class Mail

(Continued from page 21)

ing to last reports from National Headquarters, stating how they stand on this bill. WE MUST GET EXPRESSION FROM EVERY CONGRESSMAN AS TO HOW HE STANDS!

Yours for the Legion,

JOE DURP,
Post Adjutant

Dear Adjutant:

Your letter re Universal Draft received. It's plain that Congressmen are not all alike and that adjutants never do what they tell all the members to do. Did you ever try to get an expression of opinion from THIS congressman? No, I know damn well you haven't. Well, I have.

Enclosed is statement for postage already expended in the matter. Please credit same to my 1937 dues.

Yours,

JUSTIN X. GOBB

Dear Congressman:

My correspondence with you has increased my interest in our Government, if it has had no other result. Being an engraver by trade, I have always taken an interest in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, or whatever it is, and now I am beginning to have an interest in the Post Office Department. It has occurred to me that if more people would take a real interest in what is going on in Washington and write to their Congressmen about it, the Post Office Department would be soon on a very paying basis and we might be able to reduce the Federal taxes. Of course I am no politician, but just give you this thought for your consideration.

But what I really want to write to you about, and what I have been trying to write about and what I want to know what you think about, is the Universal Draft bill, and particularly the provision for drafting men, money and materials without exemption of some guy just because he works in a yard where they make ships instead of in a glue factory where

he don't know anything about them and is therefore qualified to operate them for thirty dollars a month, where the fellow who works in the yard gets all kinds of dough in a war because he is exempt or something because he works and don't fight. Of course it is harder to fight than work but it don't seem to be quite as decent or honorable and so don't pay so much.

What I mean is, why shouldn't we all get the same, and I want to know where you stand on this thing before the next war comes along.

Very truly yours,

JUSTIN X. GOBB

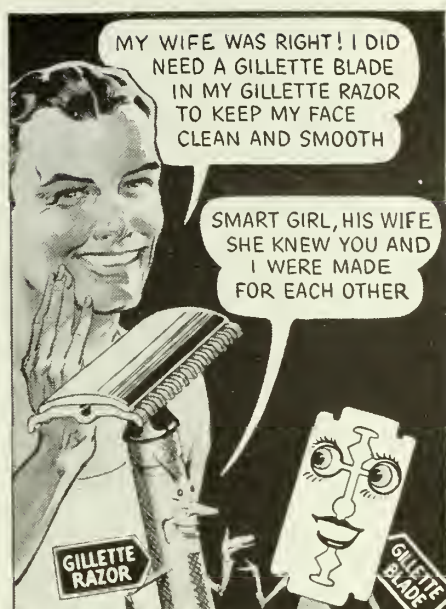
My Dear Mr. Gobb:

Your letter to the Congressman is at hand, and in his absence in Hollywood, Cal., I am writing to you as I know he would do if he were here.

The matter you suggest about the Post Office Department is quite interesting and I will bring it to the attention of the Congressman as soon as he returns.

As to the Universal Draft, I must be perfectly candid, as I know the Congressman always is and as I know you would want him to be. He never dodges an issue and always wants everyone to know plainly, definitely and promptly where he stands. He knows that the veterans and veterans' organizations are working hard for this bill and he does not blame them for working in their own interests. That is but human.

While the Congressman takes a back seat to no one in his reverence for and gratitude to those who have fought, bled and died for this country, still, you must admit that Congress has been extremely liberal to the veterans, disabled and otherwise. A large portion of the national budget is made up of appropriations for veterans' benefits and the Army and Navy. Veterans have been the recipients of large public benefactions—not that they do not deserve it, for the Congressman would not wish for one minute to be (Continued on page 52)



Who Else Wants Smoother Shaves?

—Use the blade that was made for your razor

MEN, remember this: Real shaving comfort depends upon the perfect team-work of your blade and razor. If you are not getting the clean, comfortable shaves you are entitled to, just try using the blade that was especially designed for your razor.

The Gillette Blade and the Gillette Razor are made for each other. The same engineers who drew up the specifications for the razor also designed the blade. Both are produced in the same great Gillette factory where equipment costing millions of dollars assures flawless coordination of blade and razor.

When you know the scientific care with which the Gillette Blade is produced, it is easy to understand why this blade always gives you far superior shaving results.

Tested with Diamonds

For instance, samples from every coil of Gillette Blade steel are tested for hardness by square-cut diamonds. Then the steel is "X-rayed" by an amazing device which "sees" deep beneath the surface of the metal. No hidden flaws can escape this rigid examination.

No wonder millions of men everywhere agree that shaves are cleaner, smoother when you use the Gillette Blade in the Gillette Razor. Buy a package of Gillette Blades from your dealer today. Slip one into your Gillette Razor and enjoy the matchless shaving comfort of the world's most scientifically matched shaving combination.

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Smile and sing with Milton Berle and other stars on Gillette's "Original Community Sing" radio program —CBS Network—Coast to Coast—Sunday nights—10 P.M. E.S.T.



Gillette Blades

Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

First-Class Mail

(Continued from page 51)

understood as belittling the services of a man for his country. But the fact remains, nevertheless. And now the veterans are asking for this Universal Draft. From the standpoint of the veterans themselves, may they not be asking for too much? The public may feel so, at least. The Congressman has tried to go along with the veterans at all times in the past, and hopes he can see his way clear to do so in the future. But he must also think of the *rest* of the citizens of the country, mustn't he? They are entitled to consideration, too, aren't they?

Really there is very strong opposition to the Universal Draft bill as desired by The American Legion. There are many who believe that should it become law and should there be a war it would greatly interfere with business, and, of course, you know we cannot put further burdens upon business, as recovery from the recent depression is the most important matter to the country today.

The laboring man and the skilled workman must be considered, and the standard of living kept up. And I think you will agree with me that thirty dollars a month is too little to pay a laborer, let alone a skilled workman. Why, I do not believe a man can live on thirty dollars a month, particularly in time of war when, as we know from past experience, prices for the necessities of life invariably rise. Thirty dollars a month is only a dollar a day. Did you ever think of it that way?

While the Congressman certainly does not wish to convey the impression that he is going to vote against this bill, he wants you to know, as an intelligent citizen, the

situation really presented, and feels sure you will appreciate it.

It may be that the act can be so amended or a compromise measure introduced with which the Congressman can unhesitatingly go along. In the meantime, let us see which way the wind blows.

Of course this does not mean that the Congressman has made up his mind concerning this bill or has committed himself one way or the other, but just to let you know plainly, definitely and promptly just where he stands, as he always desires to do and always does.

After all, the Congressman must be fair to every citizen of the country, mustn't he?

Yours truly,

ETHEL GASS,

Secretary to Representative

CON S. TITUENCY

Dear Congressman:

I got a letter from your Secretary and she says that thirty dollars a month is a dollar a day and wants to know if I ever thought of it that way. She's telling me it's a dollar a day!

She says a man can't live on thirty dollars a month. A hell of a lot of them died on it during the war. Maybe that's what she means.

She says you must be fair to every citizen of the country. By Heaven, that's exactly what the Universal Draft is intended to do—be fair to everyone and not make one man take that thirty dollars a month in a trench or on a damned floating bath-tub while somebody else gets rich.

If your Secretary has not expressed

your opinion, you need a new Secretary. If she has, we need a new Congressman.

Yours truly,

JUSTIN X. GOBB

Dear Mr. Gobb:

I have your letter of recent date, and assure you that the matter referred to therein will receive my very careful consideration.

I am always delighted to hear from my constituents and want you to feel at all times free to write me or to call to see me. I assure you that it is a pleasure for me. I desire only to serve the United States and our great State.

Yours truly,

CON S. TITUENCY

Dear Gobb:

Your letter with bill for postage is returned herewith. What in hell's the idea? We asked you to write a letter to your Congressman—not carry on a correspondence with him like a couple of steady neckers separated for a few days.

Too bad you missed the last meeting of the Post. We had nomination of officers; you were named for Vice Commander, with no opposition, so it seems you'll be elected. This Post is certainly going to hell.

Sincerely,

JOE DURP,

Post Adjutant

Dear Adjutant:

I decline the nomination for Vice Commander on account of what it says in our Constitution about running for public office. I am going to run for Congress.

Yours,

JUSTIN X. GOBB

Found Treasure

(Continued from page 13)

and kept by a Scotchman named William Rutherford. He had a pretty daughter, Frances Mary, who served in the dining room as a waitress. Her charm and beauty were a subject of talk in the countryside and among the guests of the inn. She was a well formed, sweet faced girl, with manners better than her station in life. For that reason, no doubt, she began to be called Lady Frances.

One summer day along came a grand coach and four horses from Philadelphia. Its owner was young Lord Fortescue, who was driving about with his grooms and footmen to see the country. His Lordship came in to dinner while the horses were being stabled. A noble guest like that would be sure to have the comeliest maid in the dining room. Frances

Mary waited on him. The young Irish Lord was impressed by her beauty for he came again and again to the Inn for dinner. There can be no doubt that he was falling in love with her. But the young man was a play boy fond of the flowing bowl. His Lordship was informed that he would no longer be welcome at the Inn. It is probable that the attachment had gone further than the inn-keeper knew.

Suddenly Frances Mary was missing. Soon a letter came announcing that she had eloped with the young Lord and that they were to be married. It is likely that her father had answered this letter and what he may have said no one knows.

Frances Mary never saw him again. The two elopers were married and, as man and wife, they returned to the an-

cestral home of the Fortescues in Ireland, where no gentle welcome awaited them.

What? His son married to the daughter of an inn-keeper? It was an outrage! Fathers were kings in that time. This one banished his son. He could have an income ample for his needs as long as he kept out of Ireland. If he ever dared to come back to his native land he would be cut off and his income would stop.

So it happened that the young Lord and Lady were packed off to the continent in disgrace—a homeless pair.

He would seem to have been in bad health for soon he died in the capital of France. The girl was childless and still comely. No doubt the old Lord in Ireland continued to send money to keep her comfortable in the gay city.

Among her friends in Paris was a wealthy Englishman named William Shard. The word wealth had a different meaning then. Fifty thousand pounds was a large fortune in the 18th century. Shard—a man considerably older than Frances Mary—had an ancestral estate at Paignton in England.

The second romance in this remarkable bit of history began. Shard fell in love with Frances Mary. The Scotch girl had acquired some wisdom. She wanted to know all about him and the reports were favorable. They were married and went to live in Paignton. It was the old baronial life that she lived there and Frances Mary became the Lady Bountiful of that countryside.

"That is all I can say of her life at the country house in Paignton," said Smith. "The time is far back in the past. I only know that William Shard died leaving Frances Mary childless and a woman beyond middle age. She did not marry again. She made no will. There were no heirs. She loved England and was quite content to have her property go to the crown. She died intestate.

"When I left Middlebury College I began my practice. A certain case took me to England where I learned that many estates had gone to the crown. A few years after my return, I fell in with a great grandson of William Rutherford of the old Black Horse Tavern. A number of great grandchildren were living. The story of Frances Mary had been handed down to them. One of the family had learned of the death of the young Lord in Paris and of her marriage to a wealthy Englishman of the name of Shard. The story had passed many lips in Paris. I presume someone had brought it to

Philadelphia and then to The Black Horse Tavern. It was a bit of family history going from mother to daughter and from father to son. Naturally, they had some pride in passing it on. I went to England and learned the facts, that her fortune had gone to the crown.

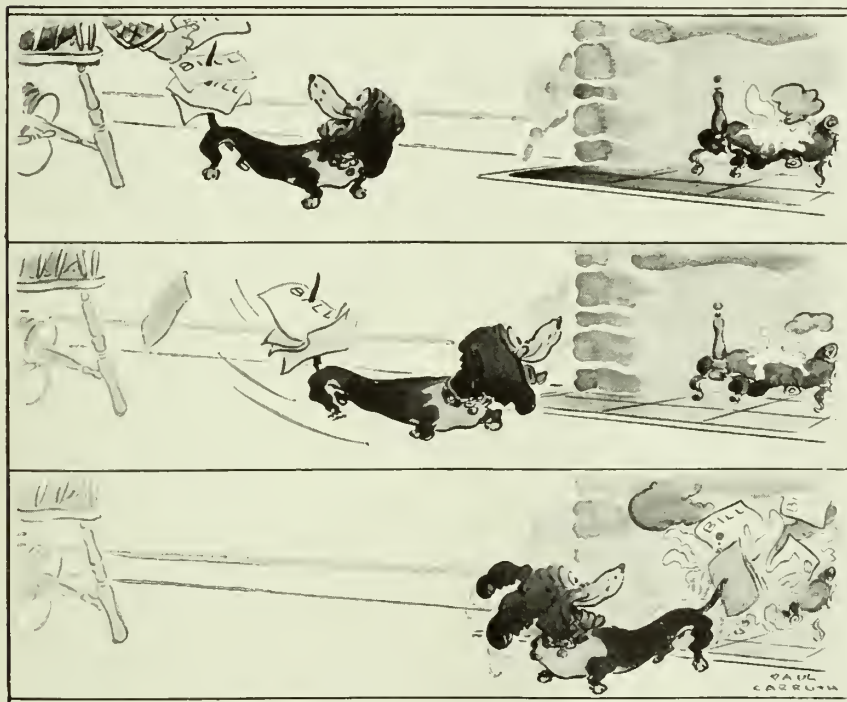
"My troubles had just begun. I had to prove that Frances Mary Shard was the daughter of William Rutherford and that my clients were as they claimed to be—his descendants. Was it possible? Were the records still in existence? There was the main trouble.

"I returned to America and went to Trenton. Some years before a new county clerk's office had been built. The old stone structure had only one room. They had thought of burning the records so ancient that they were unlikely to be of service to anyone. Some were for keeping them, so they were dumped on the tiled floor of the deserted building. The door was locked and there they had lain for many years. I could, if I wished, go to the old clerk's office and in that big stack of ancient rubbish try to find the records I desired. I went there. The heap was as high as my shoulders, sloping like a hill to the floor.

"Here was a task like looking for a needle in a haystack. I worked there for weeks and my patience was rewarded, for I found a will of William Rutherford in which he had mentioned his daughter 'Frances Mary, wife of Lord Fortescue,' and his two sons from whom my clients were descended. This was a lucky find. I discovered deeds of the old tavern keeper which increased my evidence.

"In the parish records were the birth certificates. Convinced, and, as I thought, prepared for my (Continued on page 54)

FRITZ



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But—you are keen enough to perceive that experience and facility in handling routine work will never get them for you.

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Evening after evening, they have tackled concrete problems, lifted bodily from business life, and under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields have worked those problems out for themselves.

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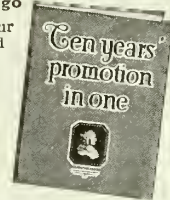
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Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....

Found Treasure

(Continued from page 53)

battle, I went to England and opened my case in the Court of Claims. I had a fight that lasted ten years. They would baffle me with new demands. I would go back to America and return with their demands satisfied. They turned my hair white with opposition and delay. The end of it came when the Queen's Bench gave me a verdict for 45,000 pounds with interest for ninety years. Shard Villa is a monument to that verdict."

So this iron son of the Green Mountain country, with the will of Agamemnon at the gates of Troy, had established credit in the most difficult court in the world.

"Yes, I won other cases there," he went on. "I had learned how to do that work and had good credit with the court. One case I shall never forget. I had got £20,000 for a poor cobbler who lived in a country town in Michigan. I found him at work on his bench. When I told him that I had fifty thousand dollars for him he took a step toward me and fell into a broad tub of water that stood near his bench. A bit of Vertigo.

"What will I do with that money?" he asked.

"Come with me and we will put it in the bank," I said. "The banker will advise you what to do with it."

WELL into the night I sat there listening to this magician who had the art of turning poverty into wealth. For the last time I shook his hand.

The next winter I met Pinky in the home of General Veezy in Washington. She was a tall, shapely, beautiful girl, with dark eyes and hair.

When I went again to Shard Villa, the mausoleum held another victim. Pinky had been married to a young naval officer who in two years had become a crazy drunkard and killed himself. Broken hearted, Pinky returned home ill with tuberculosis and soon died.

The great Columbus Smith was now utterly broken down. The gift of speech had left him. He sat in a wheel chair and looked at me. They told him my name and he smiled. He tried to speak and a strange sound came from his throat. Rose and Marie, the two maids of Mrs. Smith, were there, now old and bent.

That night I was awakened often by

a weird cry ringing through the dark, empty spaces of the great house. It sank into a deep leonine roar. I was to learn in the morning that it was the voice of the master trying to speak.

Soon after I went away, he, too, was taken to the mausoleum. I returned to give the dear woman what comfort I could. We sat long by that lonely fireside talking of the great days of old when the merry voices of the children were there. I have never known a braver soul than was in this woman—one of the Joneses of old Claremont. When I was leaving her she gave me the portrait of Milton by Vandyke, hanging in the parlor. In 1829 Mr. Smith had bought it in a London auction room. It seems to be the portrait described by Charles Lamb in a letter to Wordsworth.

One paragraph in Columbus Smith's will ought to be mentioned. There is a little gleam of humor in it.

"I give to (here was the name of a man he disliked because of his conceit) a feather for his cap."

The mausoleum has long since completed its task and Shard Villa still stands—a home for aged people.

Colmery of Kansas

(Continued from page 19)

and Flora Scott Thomas of Webster, Pennsylvania. Walter Scott Colmery had come to North Braddock from Iberia, Ohio. Harry Colmery was to remember in later years the picture of six men, the Colmery brothers, which hung in the parlor of his home, five of them wearing the stock-collar of ministers of the Presbyterian church. The one in civilian attire was Harry's grandfather. They were of Scotch-Irish stock and were all born in Washington County, Pennsylvania.

Harry Colmery had a younger brother, Montgomery S., the baby of the family; to whose defense Harry came when the younger boy found the going too tough. Monte saw service in the Ordnance Department during the war and is a Legionnaire of Pittsburgh.

Mathematics and grammar, it early developed, were Harry Colmery's specialties in study, and this aptitude for the exact sciences pretty well shaped his career. In the preparation of law cases, his associates say, he is at his best in arranging complicated masses of detail and dovetailing them to fit into a sequence that has on occasion flabbergasted opposing counsel by the thoroughness with which it was assembled. A twenty-four-hour job is not an uncommon thing with Colmery, because his

Legion interests frequently keep him from his law practice until the last possible minute for the orderly preparation of a case. His presentation of a case at the bar is thus a model of preparedness, and his handling of the material in the face of unexpected twistings and turnings of opposing counsel is by the testimony of men who know, a beautiful thing to watch and hear.

Evidence of the natural ability of Harry Colmery came rather early. At fourteen he entered the North Braddock high school. He not only completed the four-year course in two years, but was valedictorian of his class, graduating in knee pants. During these two years he found time to deliver goods from his father's grocery store, with Monte assisting him, collect laundry and operate a paper route, this last building up to a business that required the employment of five youthful assistants. There was no system of competitive athletics in the high school, but Harry organized and played shortstop on a neighborhood baseball team and was quarterback on a football eleven called the North Braddock Scholastics. The interest in sports that showed itself thus early has been a source of satisfaction to him ever since, in his young manhood when he played

shortstop for Oberlin College and at third for the University of Pittsburgh, again at shortstop for a team in the Uintah Basin of Utah where he first practiced law, and now in his maturity when competitive sports of all sorts of the more rugged type—football, ice hockey, basketball, baseball—interest him as a spectator. For two seasons he was the directing head of the Legion's Junior Baseball Western Sectional Tournament held at Topeka. His inspirational drive made a success of both tournaments, and at the end of the second one, in 1934, players and Legionnaires and prominent Kansas officials presented him with a plaque testifying to his success at the job.

STILL in short trousers, Harry considered the matter of college. His parents were glad to help and gave him a free rein in choosing the place he would go. Methodically, he studied magazine advertisements and articles about various institutions, and sent for catalogues. From Oberlin College came with the catalogue a personal letter signed by George M. Jones, Registrar of the college. Mr. Jones wrote that his sister, Mrs. Rufus Emery, lived only a short distance from the Colmery home, and the cordial letter answering a routine

request for a catalogue asked Harry if he wouldn't call on her for information about Oberlin. Harry did, and as a result headed for Oberlin the following September, where he became a member of the class of 1913. He was wearing long trousers by now, but his mother wanted to see what the boy was being let in for, and so the two of them made the trip from North Braddock.

Oberlin College had been founded in 1833 under Congregational Church auspices, and was the first college in the United States to accept women students under exactly the same conditions as men. In its early years it became noted for its strong abolition sentiment, and the home of its president, Charles G. Finney, became a station on the Underground Railroad which helped escaping Negroes make their way to Canada and freedom.

In later years under the inspiring leadership of Henry Churchill King it became noted for its progressiveness in religious education, while its school of music was regarded as without a peer in the region west of the Alleghenies. Dr. King, who became president soon after the turn of the century, held that office for twenty-five years, and brought attention to the college through the lectures which he delivered in many of the largest universities of the nation, and through the numerous books, mainly on religious topics, which he wrote. Somewhat austere in his conceptions of what constituted correct standards of conduct, he was at heart a kindly, helpful teacher and his influence is felt today in the college. During his twenty-five years as president he raised the endowment of the college from two to twenty million dollars.

When Harry Colmery entered Oberlin in the fall of 1909 the college dormitories were not sufficient to take care of the twelve hundred students enrolled. For a month he had a room at a small boarding house, and then with Laird Dean, whose career subsequently was entwined with his, Harry went to the home of J. T. Henderson, head of the Oberlin Business College (not connected with Oberlin College) where with a group of congenial friends he lived for the greater part of his Oberlin career. Brock Henderson, a son of the family and a member of the class of '13, was one of Harry's close friends, as was Glen Gray, '10, a famous Oberlin athlete who lost his life in a hunting accident in Utah. It was Laird Dean, now president of the Merchants National Bank of Topeka, who a year later introduced Harry to Miss Minerva Hiserodt, Oberlin '14, who in 1919 became Mrs. Harry Colmery.

Miss Hiserodt, whose home was in Gridley, Illinois, had gone to Oberlin because her parents felt that a college with pretty rigid standards and situated in a small town offered the maximum of opportunities for self improvement and the minimum of distractions and frivolities. At Oberlin dancing was not al-

lowed and cigarette smoking was banned, for men, of course. Though in all its departments the college had an enrolment of some twelve hundred it was the kind of place where everybody got to know everybody else. Harry became one of the popular figures on the campus, shortstop on the varsity baseball team and until one of his legs was rather seriously injured one of the most promising backfield men on the football squad. Strangely enough in view of his choosing the law as a profession, he did not take part in debating or any literary activities.

Laird Dean says the first efforts the future National Commander made in addressing audiences were featured by a nervousness on the part of the speaker that was all too evident. The point here is that Harry Colmery knew exactly what he needed—practice in public speaking—and went hammer-and-tongs at the job of improving his delivery. Though he is a good extemporaneous speaker, what he has to say even under these circumstances shows evidence of careful thought all along the line.

During the long summer vacations of his Oberlin years Colmery worked at all sorts of laborious jobs—tamping ties, unloading ballast, repairing railroad cars. One summer he was advance man for the Redpath Chautauqua Bureau, and during another he operated a cleaning and pressing business at Chautauqua Lake, New York. Establishing a connection with professional cleaners, he made arrangements with them to cleanse the clothing and return it to him rough dry. He then did the actual pressing and finishing. If every boy in the United States could come close to the realities of making a living as this boy did we'd have less juvenile delinquency.

BEING shortstop on the college team and coming from the suburbs of a city where the greatest shortstop of all time was at the time holding forth, Harry naturally made Hans Wagner his model on the baseball field. To such an extent did he talk about the Pittsburgh slugger that he became known to his teammates as Hans, and his future wife for a long time believed that Hans was his name. The restrictions at Oberlin were rather severe to youngsters situated as they were, but occasionally they were guests at house parties at Vermilion Beach on Lake Erie or visited with friends in nearby Cleveland. Following the convention which elected him National Commander Harry visited with Mrs. Colmery at the Oberlin home of the Hendersons, where he had spent so many happy days.

For three years after he had secured his Oberlin degree Harry Colmery was a student at the law school of the University of Pittsburgh, the while teaching mathematics and English at Carnegie Tech. Here his ability to concentrate on the job at hand to the exclusion of all distracting in- (Continued on page 56)

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Colmery of Kansas

(Continued from page 55)

fluences made it possible for him to carry a heavy schedule of activities, for in addition to these duties he read law in the offices of the noted Pittsburgh firm of Blakely and Calvert, found time for membership in the legal fraternity Phi Delta Phi, and still was able to make his letter in varsity baseball, shifting to third base.

ALMOST as soon as he had received his law degree at Pitt he left for Utah. In the Uintah basin in the north central part of the State the federal Government had in the year 1905 thrown open to settlement some two million acres of arable land. In the small town of Duchesne in the Basin, Laird Dean, Harry Colmery's old friend of Oberlin days, had settled down to the job of running a general store. He wrote to Harry and to numerous others about what a fine rough country it was to grow up in and Harry at once set out for the place. In Duchesne there were about twenty professional men, probably fifteen of them college men who were used to taking part in sports. They had a baseball team that was pretty successful in competition. They had a good rough-and-ready outdoor life, and the hunting was good, with deer, bear and coyotes in abundance.

Colmery immediately plunged into legal work, which consisted mainly of litigation over water rights and beneficial use of water under which homesteaders made good their title to the land. The man whose irrigation ditch failed to get its quota of water was out of luck, and there were plenty of chances for a young lawyer who was willing to work and didn't want to spend all his time in the office. It was here that Harry met Frank McFarland, who was playing on the baseball team and filling various sorts of jobs in the store and out. Today Frank McFarland's law office in Topeka is 'on the floor below Harry's, and it was he who placed Colmery in nomination at both St. Louis and Cleveland.

While they were thus engaged in a rugged sort of primitive adventure in living, the United States declared war on Germany. Colmery's attempt to enlist at Camp Funston in May 1917 was denied because he was not a resident of the Second Geographical Area, and it was not until three months later that he was admitted to training in the Officers Training Camp, Eighth Infantry, at the Presidio in San Francisco. He received a commission as second lieutenant, Air Service, on November 27, 1917, being assigned to Kelly Field, Texas, as instructor of infantry drill regulations, preparing a group of recruits for flying service. In January 1918 he was commissioned a first lieutenant

in the Air Service as a pursuit pilot.

In addition to more than five hundred hours of actual flying he performed the additional duties of company and squadron commander, instructor of interior guard duty, manual of court martial, and military gymnastics. His experience acquainted him with the terrific hazards imposed on wartime pilots by the hazard, criminal incompetence that furnished "flying coffins" for the students in training, and as a result he became a thorough believer in adequate peacetime national defense.

Receiving his honorable discharge from the service on April 24, 1919, Lieutenant Colmery returned to Duchesne and the practice of law. He early recognized the value of The American Legion, and organized many posts in the Basin. He was a member of the first Department Executive Committee of Utah. Toward the end of 1919 he returned to Topeka to join forces with Colonel John S. Dean, father of Laird Dean, in formation of the law firm of Dean and Colmery. Colonel Dean had been in the judge advocate's department during the war and became a Legionnaire. Harry Colmery on moving to Topeka joined Capitol Post No. 1, and rose through the various offices to that of Post Commander in 1928. Just before going to Topeka he married Miss Hiserodt in her home in Gridley, Illinois. They have three children, Sarah Elizabeth, sixteen, Harry Walter, Jr., who will be thirteen on January 10th, and Mary Caroline, whose twelfth birthday comes eight days later.

SUBSEQUENTLY, Colmery's story is that of an enlarged service in the Legion, as officer and Commander of the Kansas Department, national executive committeeman from that State, and eventually for two terms as Chairman of the National Legislative Committee. He has in his time presented hundreds of claims for disabled soldiers and has worked consistently too for Legion objectives both within his Department and nationally. In the difficult days of reorganization of the New Mexico Department he had a large and telling part in restoring order from chaos, and despite some resentment felt toward him at the time by individuals in that State, New Mexico was the first Department to declare for him in the race for National Commander.

In his legal career since going to Topeka the National Commander has been conspicuously successful. Rarely dipping into criminal law, he carried the case of Major Shepard, a regular army officer who had been found guilty of murder in the lower courts, to the United States Supreme Court and won for the

officer a new trial that resulted in his acquittal. Probably his most notable successes in the Supreme Court were those in the City of Marysville cases in which the court upheld the Kansas municipality's ordinance requiring underground storage of gasoline and distillate by oil companies, and the Sauder case, involving the right of a landowner to cancel a lease. In this last case Colmery represented certain landowners who were fighting a large oil company. On a writ of certiorari to the highest court in the land, the decision of the circuit court of appeals was reversed in favor of Colmery's clients.

DEAN and Colmery remained partners until 1926, when for two years Harry went it alone. In 1928 he became an associate in the firm of Doran, Kline, Colmery and Cosgrove.

Harry Colmery likes to meet people, to talk to them, to persuade them. He is civic minded, believes that good citizenship is a matter of acceptance of individual responsibility. He has been in demand as a speaker on public occasions and gets his message across. As a member of Kiwanis and in Masonic circles he has had an excellent opportunity to sell the Legion in Kansas and adjoining States, and it requires no particular gift to prophesy that when he tackles the job nationally this year he will do it up brown.

With the probability that in 1937 the Legion will break its all-time high membership mark the prestige of the organization should also reach a new high, for this commander knows where he's going and won't be satisfied with less than a bang-up job. As for his friendships, he clings to the old ones, but makes hundreds of new friends every year. He's that sort of person. Of those with whom he was associated at Oberlin he still keeps in touch with W. O. Hunter, director of athletics at the University of Southern California, Elmer Henderson, now coaching the professional football team sponsored by the Los Angeles County Council of The American Legion; Phil Edwards, President of the Kearney-Trecker Corporation of Milwaukee; Maurice Shurtleff, Chairman of the Board of the Shurtleff Co., Elgin, Illinois; Harry V. Marsh of the Stemars Display Co., Chicago, and Frank C. Fisher, a prominent attorney in New York City.

The story is about done, and yet it is but half done, for I have had to condense rigorously the material about a career that is but now rising to the crest. They gave Harry Colmery a great homecoming when he returned to Topeka after his election, but after all that's the sort of thing they'd do even if he were not quite

the personality he is. I have had to telescope the material on his Legion career, and to say almost nothing about his family. Yet there is here in outline a story of accomplishment, a story that foreshadows greater accomplishments ahead. Harry Colmery will be heard from in the years to come, after he has built this Legion into what we all hope it will be. His stimulating influence in Chamber of Commerce affairs has brought him attention quite aside from his Legion and ordinary legal connections.

I should like to close this all too brief account with the story of what Colmery did to get the Rogers Bill of March 4, 1931, enacted into law. I touched briefly on this matter earlier in this article. Now I should like to call as a witness Edward McE. Lewis, former co-worker with John Thomas Taylor in the offices at Washington of the National Legislative Committee. Eddie Lewis talking:

"The Rogers Act of March 4, 1931, establishing the principle of government building for non-service-connected cases, was the climax of two years of Legion effort, more than two score bills introduced, and the testimony of more than 100 witnesses who came to Washington from all parts of the nation. The question was, would the Government build for those needing NP hospitalization whose service connection had not been proved?"

"Mrs. Edith Nourse Rogers of Massachusetts was chairman of the hospital sub-committee of the House Veterans Committee. After two months of hearings and executive meetings, she reported a bill for \$12,500,000 of construction, which the House promptly passed.

"The Senate Finance Committee after brief hearings increased the authorization to \$20,877,000, but left locations to the Federal Board of Hospitalization, and in this form it passed the Senate February 21, 1931. The House feared the Senators were doing a bit of log roll-

ing on locations, and declined to accept the Senate amendments.

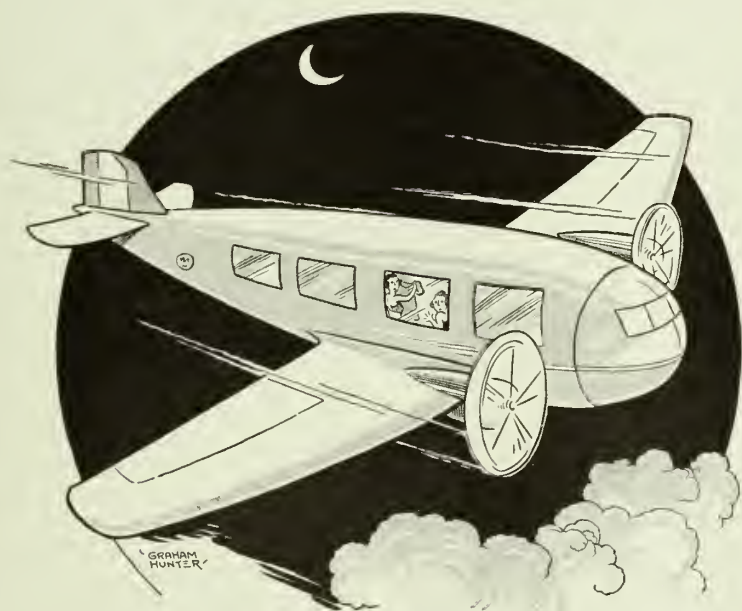
"Conferees were then appointed from each House, and this Conference Committee held five meetings up to the morning of March 4th (adjournment of the session was at 12 noon that day.)

"The Legion wanted the larger Senate bill (6,000 beds), so did all five Senate members and two Congressmen. That made 7 to 3 in the Conference Committee. The rub was that a majority of each group was required to secure an agreement.

"Harry called us from Topeka on March 2d to learn the situation. We asked him to come down and he took a plane, getting here on the morning of the 3d. We spent the day having conferences with everybody, getting no place. Harry's position was the correct one—that the responsibility lay with Congress whether they passed or killed the bill.

"There was a night session lasting until 2 A.M. of March 4th. The length of the capitol is 751 feet, and the floors are marble. Harry, Jack and I walked the length that night no less than a dozen times, arguing with conferees. No result, except fallen arches and corns. Next morning the House met at 9. We went at the attack again.

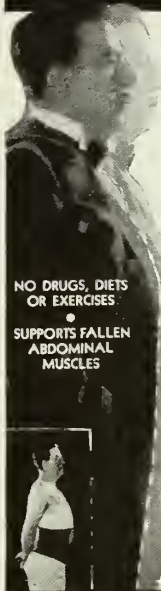
"The House conferees gave in at 11 A.M. Mrs. Rogers asked for agreement in the Senate amendments, which was immediately given. Then clerks had to leap back and forth to get the signatures of the Speaker and Vice-President to the bill. Hoover had come to the Capitol, and it was on his desk by 11:45. He signed it ten minutes later, so the bill became a law with five minutes to spare. Harry was cool as a cucumber during the whole trying row, never lost his head once. The beds have now been built and are occupied. This was probably his most interesting legislative experience, certainly the most beneficial and important."



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Tumbleweed

(Continued from page 23)

"Can't I get light work of some sort?"

"There is no light work. You can pick cotton, but it's a man-sized job. You can clear land but that's even harder. Better take that CCC job. The government hospital at Tucson has to employ veterans as orderlies and kitchen help, and when a vacancy comes there we can pull you out of the CCC camp."

But Joe had another idea. He had made friends in the hospital. He had heard about homesteading*—all the veterans get this idea sooner or later. Fellows told him about the veteran colonies such as Wintersburg and Cave Creek. What better, so long as he must remain here, than to apply for a piece of land, prove up on it, and make a home for Mary and the kids? He knew about farming, and eventually the land would support all of them. A friend who had a car drove him one Sunday to Wintersburg, so Joe could look into the matter.

WINTERSBURG! Ten miles northwest of Hasyampa on the desert road to Salome. A tiny schoolhouse, a grocery store and post office, mail delivered twice a week; an oblong adobe house—the Legion home—and against the skyline here and there the round sails of windmills that marked habitations.

Just this, dropped down on a flat, endless desert of sagebrush, cacti, mesquite and greasewood, and against the horizon the jagged, barren mountains.

Used though he was to the desert Joe was appalled. Rain seldom if ever fell here. The sun rose hotly over the purple hills, climbed fiercely into a faultless blue vault and drowned in a crimson sea of its own making, taking with it the breeze, so that the desert lay breathless, utterly silent, until the sun rose again and brought the wind with it. A hundred and thirty degrees in the summer when a man gasped for breath; chill winter nights when a man cuddled under blankets. How did you make things grow here?

Marc Kentch, the veteran who ran the grocery store and post office, was friendly.

"You're in luck," he said. "This is Legion meeting day, and the boys will be drifting in presently."

Joe hung around, listening. Some of the veterans got the statutory award of fifty dollars a month as service-connected arrested cases, but Joe wasn't interested in them. Anybody could live most any place on fifty dollars a month. No, how did you live out here with nothing but your two hands?

As he listened it seemed as if he heard of nothing but water. Water! They

talked, thought, and dreamed about it. Without water the desert was cruel, merciless. He heard discussion of a veteran who, without money, had dug a hole by hand 346 feet deep to reach the precious stuff. He saw that out here in the shimmering heat waves life was a constant fierce struggle against the savage passivity of this brown arid land. And yet he did not lose hope. These men had done it; why not he?

Eight of the twelve Legion members were in the cool adobe building when Joe frankly set forth his situation. They felt sorry for him, but none seemed to wish to encourage him. Finally, Ira Oliver, brown as shoeleather from working his land in his birthday suit, turned to a tanned, tall, shy man and said, "Harold, you started on the desert without a dime. Tell Joe what it's like."

Joe listened eagerly as Harold Goodman began to talk. Goodman said he spent his last money to buy a tent and a month's groceries and began to clear the land. The groceries didn't last as long as they should have, so Goodman sold his car for twenty-five dollars and pressed on to more clearing. This money gave out. Marc Kentch gave him credit, but that couldn't go on. He got a job six miles away digging a well, walking the twelves miles each day. That lasted until he broke his arm. Then he got sixteen dollars a month from Arizona relief and existed on that until his arm was healed. Then there was cotton-picking — you made a dollar and a half, sometimes two a day. Then there was work clearing the land of weak service-connected veterans. You got three dollars an acre for doing that. It bought beans and salt-horse, and at night you cleared your own land so as to prove up. Or your wife helped to do that, and between your wife and yourself you built a single-room shack. Then you saved and sweated toward sinking a well to bring water to the place. That cost fifteen hundred dollars. A fortune.

"**I** PROVED up my land," Goodman concluded, "but don't raise anything much yet. I work for Marc Kentch, digging wells." He stared at Joe's thin body. "You couldn't work like that," he said simply. "You aren't strong enough."

Joe sat stone-faced. He heard in the general discussion that even homestead land when you got it cleared and ready for water cost you five dollars an acre.

"And besides that," Ira Oliver said, "you've got to have enough money to keep you at the rate of thirty dollars a month for two years. Even then you can't always make your place pay out."

Joe knew then that these men were the last pioneers, the nesters who lived from day to day by their two hands. And they

only *hoped* to make their land pay their keep. God! One man, however, was more optimistic—a chap named Stone, six feet and a hundred and eighty pounds, who worked in Hollywood until he broke down and had to come back to the desert.

"This is the place to raise turkeys," he declared. "I get me a section of land, a Mexican to ride herd, and I fence the land and let the turkeys eat bugs and mesquite, and I watch 'em day and night with a .30-.30 to kill off the coyotes. They'll pay me a living."

He looked at Joe kindly. "Only I'm putting my bonus money into it. These fellows are right, Joe, you can't come here without something in the way of cash."

But Joe wondered if he couldn't farm for somebody else while getting a start.

Marc Kentch shook his head. "Eastern farming and this kind of farming is all different. It's even different from dry farming—honest."

"Let me explain, Joe. Now, you take alfalfa. You can soak the ground for that. The more water you put on the better it is. A lot sinks down and comes up later. Fine. But if you put water on alfalfa when the first or second leaf is just on—you lose the crop. Put water on after the third leaf is up and you harvest it. Don't ask me why it's so—I'm just telling you.

"**W**E try all kinds of experiments out here. Most anything will grow if you know when and how to water it, what kind of soil it needs. For instance, peanuts make a good crop. But you've got to have a sort of porous soil so the water don't lie on the top. If you soak peanuts and the water stays on top—the peanuts rot right there. I mind a fellow who planted corn—good crop corn. He turned on his water and figured that when the ground was soaked to the fence he'd put on enough. Well, do you know, the corn closest to his windmill pump did right well. That out by the fence died. Didn't get enough water. Took him a year to find that out.

"Some of us do right well with grapes; some try citrus. We all work and study and experiment and find out how to grow crops. So that's the way it is."

Joe Stephens went back to Phoenix. He wanted to go on the land, but he had to have money. He needed his family. He had to have a job. The land would have to wait on these vital problems.

MacDowell shook his head dubiously. Dozens of Joes, just as desperate and deserving, came to him every day. It was a never-ending problem that was growing bigger instead of diminishing. Yet Joe Stephens had a stroke of luck. MacDowell found him a job in the machine

*Since Joe's arrival all government homestead land has been withdrawn, and until it is again offered (veterans have a ninety-day preference) the only way homestead land can be acquired is by finding a relinquishment and getting it transferred.

shop of the highway department—a state job, without civil service protection, yet a job. MacDowell did even more; he advanced Joe fifty dollars to get his family to Phoenix.

When Joe came in to pay the first instalment on the loan he saw other men waiting patiently, trying to get a job.

Mac said, "Your luck still runs, Joe. We're doing our best for these others, but the situation isn't getting any better,

it's worse."

"Yeah, I know," Joe admitted. "It's a case of being separated from their families and continuing to live, or staying back with their families and dying."

He nodded sadly. "There ought to be a law helping them."

"Yes," agreed Mac, "there should—but there isn't. And there'll be a dozen more just like you tomorrow. More drifters—more tumbleweed!"

Oglesby Carson Figures It Out

(Continued from page 5)

to find some spot where hard liquor did not abound. Just why they picked out Torreon puzzled us, for the town bore a continental reputation for the unending supply of its choice brews and blends, as well as tequila and aguardiente.

It mattered not to us that Oglesby was a "remittance man." He never foisted his wealth upon us. He always graciously did more than his share. He took to Sternau's, our main hostelry, like a duck to water. Hattie was the salt of the earth.

We grew to love him. To us he became a real hombre. His stories were rare, varied and full of the human touch. He was soon a light among us. Only a few times did he desert his corner at Sternau's for our more boisterous picnics. But on the few occasions he stepped out, he went in all over.

A year or so after their arrival, Oglesby invited a number of us to dine with him at Sternau's. As we gathered round, we noted a certain seriousness about our host heretofore foreign to him.

With the black coffee, he arose. His speech was short, terse and to this effect: "Men, I literally fell into Torreon and you picked me up. It's been a joy to live among you and be one of you. I leave you with the keenest regret. I am going away from Torreon, as I have left many other ports, only because I have determined not to die in a drunkard's grave. When I go over the cliff, I want to fall with a smile on my face and a great satisfaction in my heart. I am convinced that only a complete shift of threshold can save me. Our bags are packed and at the station. We leave in fifteen minutes. God bless you."

And so we solemnly escorted Oglesby to his train, where Hattie with a few friends was awaiting him. There was no hilarity. We were losing Oglesby suddenly, just as we had acquired him. And that was the end of Oglesby Carson.

Some four years later, old "Doc" Clarke, also a Canadian and a warm friend of Carson's, came into the Foreign Club with a long face and a letter, which informed us that Oglesby had been drowned on the Beach at Monterey in California.

Five years passed and we were on the verge of entering the World War. Jump-

ing from an El Paso street car to hurry through the main gates of Fort Bliss, I noticed a lone soldier leaning against a stone pillar. I hastily asked him where Colonel Hathaway resided. Clicking his heels together and at salute, he said, "Colonel Hathaway lives in the third house on the right."

There was no mistaking the voice and the face. My eyes almost popped out of my head. There in the flesh stood Oglesby Carson. Much flabbergasted, I asked him, "Beg pardon, but are you not Oglesby Carson?" With another salute and click of the heels, he repeated without blinking an eye, "Colonel Hathaway lives in the third house on the right." And thither I moved in much perturbed thought.

I lost little time with the colonel, and hurried back to El Paso, where I immediately sought old "Doc" Clarke, who had long since established a practice there. Excitedly I told him the story. He calmly said, "George, you are crazy. Oglesby Carson was drowned on the beach at Monterey, California, in 1912."

I had some trouble convincing "Doc" that I was still sane, but we determined to try to solve the case together. Instead of playing tennis early every morning, we took his car and drove out to the Fort. Search of muster rolls and roster revealed no Oglesby Carson, so each morning, egged on by my insistence, we went out there and just nosed around.

About the tenth morning, just as "Doc" had determined to give up the hunt, we bumped into Oglesby Carson, just as he was coming around the corner of a Supply Depot. The cool nerve he had shown me at my first encounter with him at the gate of the Fort quite deserted him. With raised hand, as if to silence us, he almost whispered, "Boys, you don't know me now. Keep quiet. Saturday afternoon, I'll meet you wherever you say in town, and tell you the whole story. For God's sake, keep all of this in the strictest confidence." And without any other sign of recognition, we parted.

Promptly at three o'clock Saturday afternoon, Oglesby appeared at "Doc's" office in civvies. He did not seem to have aged a bit. He gripped our hands hard and looked (Continued on page 60)

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GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

Oglesby Carson Figures It Out

(Continued from page 59)

us in the eye so intently as he greeted us, that we sensed something unusual was coming. With the utmost deliberation lighting a cigarette, he started to unwind his story.

"Fellows, you just can't duck life. I presume I came as near doing so as any man living. When I left you fellows at Torreon, I told you that I was doing so to escape a drunkard's grave and that only a shift of scene would save me. I tried so hard to taper down gradually on my liquor. Hattie and I wandered up and down the Pacific Coast—spent some time at Lake Louise and around Yellowstone. Through it all Hattie was the same brick with no scolding. But despite the greatest effort, old John Barleycorn and myself continued on very friendly terms—so much so that by 1912, I determined upon another major operation.

"Hattie had been a peach. She understood and had tried so hard to help me. It wouldn't go. I simply had to find some way to figure it out for myself and work it out by myself alone. So I faked the drowning scene on the beach at Monterey—did it rather neatly too, when I recall the amount of liquor I was carrying at the time. Slipped up to 'Frisco, and stowed away on a boat bound for Manila. I knew that Hattie would be provided for, through the terms of my father's will.

"They found me after five days, almost dead from thirst and hunger, and somehow I managed to arrive in Manila, a complete physical wreck, but still with the inborn determination to fight shy of booze. To no avail! I literally became a beach-comber in the tropics. I think I slipped as far down in the human scale as a man who innately wanted to be something could possibly have slipped.

"Just when it became an almost losing fight between further effort to right myself or commit suicide, I managed to catch hold. I determined to join the United States Army, and I did so under an assumed name. And before I knew it three years went by.

"Oglesby Carson was no more. I wanted to forget him; wanted everybody to forget him. I had pretty well managed to build up another personality, for the old Oglesby without the stimulus of alcohol became a sensible sort of philosophical cuss. And I re-enlisted. From corporal, I became a crack sergeant. I found a great satisfaction in my army record. I was sorely tempted to break away and get into the World War, but I had a row to hoe, and was still not quite sure of myself for such a move.

"And then it began to look as though we might have to get in. We Regulars of course would be the first to go over.

They ordered our regiment from the Philippines to the Texas Border in special preparation for the big move. When I met George, 'Doc,' I wanted to hug him. But a quick, misguided decision bade me keep up my bluff, in the hope that I would soon be in France.

"Thank God, you fellows persisted. Now here we are with the same old Oglesby, who in saving himself from a drunkard's grave has a pretty mess to explain. I am in your hands. Tell me, what am I to do?"

Many questions popped into our minds, but we could not bring ourselves to ask them. And so we told him to rest easy; that we'd find a way out for him.

And we did. Colonel Hathaway saw to it that his assumed name was changed to that of Oglesby Carson in the army records. His regiment was among the first of our Regulars to be called to France. Before embarking, he secured a furlough to visit Canada, where Hattie greeted him proudly with that forgiveness that passeth all understanding. And Oglesby Carson was one of the first of our American soldiers to lay down their lives in the war.

"Doc" and I know that he went "over the cliff" with a smile on his face and a great satisfaction in that fine heart of his.

The Dates Are September 20-23

(Continued from page 15)

Publicity from the Legion to the public generally will be under the supervision of a National Publicity Officer be directly responsible to the National Commander.

Some of the more important resolutions approved by the National Executive Committee were:

Authorizing the National Commander to appoint a committee of three members to study the types and colors of Legion caps now being sold through the Emblem Division, to the end that a standard and uniform cap may be determined upon, and to establish the authority for the sale thereof.

That the National Organization of The American Legion become wholly responsible for the detailed arrangement and official control of the annual Legion Armistice Day observance at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

That the Legion request passage of legislation providing that immediate reenlistment after November 11, 1918, and before July 2, 1921, be considered as continuous, active service in the World War.

That the National Commander be empowered to negotiate for a one-way rate

for round-trip transportation on all railroads for Legionnaires going to the 1937 national convention in New York City.

That the National Commander be authorized to appoint a committee of five members to examine all previous national convention actions and mandates which may be in conflict with the present policy of the Legion, and for the purpose of eliminating such conflicting or obsolete directions through National Convention or National Executive Committee action.

Abolishing the present National Aeronautics Commission and creating a new commission of nine members.

That for the purpose of insuring greater efficiency and service in the matter of administration of child welfare, the membership of the present unpaid, technical advisory staff, meeting with the Executive Committee of the National Child Welfare Committee, be increased to nine members.

That the National Contests Supervisory Committee of three be abolished and a new Committee of the same name composed of nine experts be established.

That the National Commander be authorized to appoint a new committee known as the Committee on Investment Policy which shall handle exclusively the investment of all funds in behalf of the National Organization of The American Legion and thus enable the National Finance Committee to concentrate upon the duty of preparing the yearly budget, handling of funds under that budget, and such other duties as shall be prescribed by the National Executive Committee, in accordance with the provision in the national by-laws of the Legion.

While there are vacancies yet to be filled on existing or newly created standing national committees of The American Legion, the Committee on Committees reported the following national chairmanships for the ensuing year, representing the recommendations of National Commander Colmery, and they were confirmed by the National Executive Committee:

National Finance Committee, Sam Reynolds, Nebraska; National Rehabilitation, E. V. Cliff, Minnesota; National Child Welfare, Roland B. Howell, Louisi-

ana; National Americanism, Stephen F. Chadwick, Washington; National Legislative, Robert W. Colflesh, Iowa; National Defense, J. O'Connor Roberts, District of Columbia; World Peace and Foreign Relations, Rev. Father Robert J. White, District of Columbia.

Education of War Orphans, General P. C. Harris, District of Columbia; Distinguished Guests, Lyle O. Armel, Kansas; Contests Supervisory, Matty Bain, Pennsylvania.

Marksmanship, Frank J. Schneller, Wisconsin; Veterans' Preference, Frank A. Mathews, Jr., New Jersey; National Pilgrimage, William N. Morell, Maryland; Graves Registration, Mancel B. Talcott, Illinois; Resolutions Assignment, Edward Scheiberling, New York; National Emblem, Roy L. Cook, New Mexico; National Aeronautics, Dr. W. W. Arrasmith, Nebraska.

National Law and Order, Judge Richard Hartshorne, New Jersey; National Convention Liaison, James P. Ringley, Illinois; National Employment, Forrest Cooper, Mississippi, and Overseas Graves Decoration Trust, Harry W. Colmery.

During 1937 the Legion will expand its sponsorship of model "Boys' States" and other citizenship training activities such as sponsorship of Boy Scout troops, organization of Sons of the Legion squadrons and continuation of Junior Baseball activity, according to the report on the Americanism program made by Chairman Chadwick and adopted by the National Executive Committee.

The report stressed four outstanding phases of Americanism for the ensuing year: Youth training activities; community service, with emphasis on highway safety education and completion of organization of disaster relief units among

the 11,370 Legion posts; continued opposition to all subversive activities, by educational counteraction and revision of the Legion book on "Isms" and its distribution to libraries; sponsorship of legislation restricting immigration, and deportation of all undesirable aliens.

As national officers for the coming year the Committee approved the re-appointments of the following: National Adjutant, Frank E. Samuel, of Kansas; National Treasurer, John Ruddick of Indiana; National Judge Advocate, Ralph B. Gregg of Indiana; National Historian, Thomas M. Owen, Jr., of Alabama.

Among the resolutions of condolence adopted by the National Executive Committee was one expressing the deep grief of The American Legion over the passing of Madame Schumann-Heink in Hollywood, California, on November 17th.

At the final session of the committee it turned down a proposal that the heroic size painting "America" by Reni-Mel, French artist, which has hung in the National Executive Committee room at National Headquarters for several years, be removed to the Auditorium of the Shrine of the Indiana World War Memorial. A resolution allowing the Trustees of the War Memorial to have the picture reproduced was adopted.

So, as 1937 dawns, The American Legion finds itself in a better position than at any previous new year to carry on its service to the community, State and nation. The winning of Universal Service, after a fight of nearly seventeen years, will mean insurance against the American youth of today and tomorrow being sent into battle needlessly. That in itself will make 1937 stand out indelibly in our history. The rest of the year's objectives can and will be taken.

Once a Year

(Continued from page 33)

no Legionnaire will be able to equal for yet a while. He has attended twenty-two National Encampments of the G. A. R.

Bellevue also has a post of The American Legion—Liberty Post. Liberty Post not long ago held a special service in the Central High School Auditorium honoring Comrade Kline. The exercises included a dramatized version of a meeting of Gambee Post of the G. A. R.

Namesake

WHAT is your post doing to keep alive the name of the man which it has taken for its own, thereby alike honoring his memory and being honored by it? Howard A. MacDougall of John Irvin Post of Runnemede, New Jersey, has a suggestion that is worth passing on. He believes that on some such appropriate occasion as Memorial Day or Armistice Day it would be a good idea for local posts to memorialize in their home-town

papers the man whose name will endure in that of the local Legion post so long as the post itself endures.

In Runnemede, the Legion supplied the local paper, the *Observer*, with a brief tribute to John Irvin which the *Observer* was proud to use on its front page. This tribute is here reproduced as a suggestion to Legion posts everywhere:

"John Irvin Post, No. 250, American Legion... What response does this name bring? ... To the vets who lived with John Irvin during training, on board ship, embarked upon what was to prove to be his Great Adventure, at arduous final preparation behind the lines for the Great Drive to come, and finally in the trenches of St. Mihiel, the Argonne, and bloody Grand Pré, the name John Irvin stirs remembrances of a young hero..."

"John Irvin was a Turnerville boy, son of William and Anna Irvin, and he had barely reached his majority when the Great (Continued on page 62)



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Once a Year

(Continued from page 61)

War enmeshed America. At camp this farm boy quickly became a corporal and despite many attempts to advance his grade he chose to remain with his 'Gang,' the boys he had helped train. Just before the 78th Division went across in May, 1918, a little delegation called on Irvin at his barracks to offer him a sergeancy in another company which was badly in need of trained non-commissioned officers. Arrangements had been made at Battalion and Division Headquarters to transfer Irvin, but he said an emphatic no, he preferred to remain with his beloved squad.

"Finally at Grand Pré, with German snipers and machine-gun nests at every point of vantage, Irvin had assigned to him, in the drive to capture the city, an advance in face of hot fire. Irvin faithfully fulfilled his mission, Grand Pré was taken, but like other members of his squad and his company in 311th Infantry, he died the following day of machine-gun bullet wounds at the advance dressing station just back of the front lines at Talma Farms, Grand Pré.

"May his name never be forgotten."

Last Man of Many Wars

LAST Man's Clubs are not uncommon in The American Legion, but W. R. De Kay, Commander of Wasmer Post of Le Mars, Iowa, believes that the Last Man's Club which his post is sponsoring is the only organization of its kind made up of veterans of the Civil, Spanish-American and World Wars. "We have enrolled one Civil War veteran who is eighty-seven years of age, and six Spanish-American War vets, remaining members of the 122 being World War veterans," Commander De Kay reports. The Civil War veteran—Andrew Crouch, the last survivor of a Grand Army post which once boasted 175 members—was elected honorary head of the Le Mars organization.

Are You a Softballer?

THESE are the days when the hot stove league is in session, but it won't be long now before a good many Legion posts will be thinking of the great outdoors. This doesn't exclude big city posts either. After all, there is a good deal of outdoors in the towns of from half a million all the way up to New York and Chicago if you just know where to look for it. Chicago Legionnaires, for instance, are getting considerably het up about softball, and James R. Mangan, Softball Chairman of the Sixth District, Cook County Legion, believes that the sport will soon take on national interest so far as the Legion is concerned. During

recent years, the Sixth District has organized and sponsored all-Legionnaire softball teams. The District is now sponsoring two all-star teams formed from the twenty-four posts in the District. Last season nearly twelve hundred tickets were sold by the Legion Softball Chairman alone for the Sixth District Finals.

Aviation Goes Indoors

ON THE basis of enthusiastic support from the entire aeronautic industry, every indication points to the most successful indoor air exposition in the history of flying for the National Aviation Show to be held in Grand Central Palace, New York City, January 28th to February 6th, inclusive, under the auspices of Aviators' Post.

Every phase of flying activities will be represented—latest models of private aircraft, new Army and Navy machines, full-scale models of the interior of transports, soaring machines, small-scale models. Featuring the Bureau of Air Commerce exhibit will be "the air vehicle of tomorrow," the Roadable Autogyro, which by folding back the rotors may be converted into an almost-conventional automobile. The National Advisory Committee will display working models of the famous Langley Field laboratories where tomorrow's aircraft are tested for various qualities in advance of production. During the show there will be mass flights of privately-owned aircraft over Manhattan in fulfillment of the conception of artists of the city of the future, and formations of military planes will simulate a night air attack while anti-aircraft searchlights seek out the "invaders." Commander Harold E. Hartney of Aviators' Post, who commanded the famous First Pursuit Group in the A. E. F., and Past Commander Casey Jones, noted veteran speed pilot, are active in the direction of the show. G. A. Parsons, war-time flying instructor, is managing director.

Americans in Rouen

W. E. ENGEL, Commander of Rouen Post of St. Louis, read in the November issue of the Monthly the statement that there were no graves of American soldiers in Rouen, and he writes to state that while, in all strictness, this statement may be true, still there were a number of deaths among Americans at Rouen, both among the staff of Base 21 and among the wounded in hospital. These men were buried in or around Rouen, but Commander Engel believes that doubtless most all of these have since been moved to some of the great

A.E.F. cemeteries or to America. Rouen Post is comprised entirely of former members of Base Hospital Unit 21.

A Florida Legion of Honor

AN INSPIRING event took place in Gainesville, Florida, recently when a Legion of Honor was formed by Haisley Lynch Post composed of winners of The American Legion Medal of Honor, a citizenship medal which has been bestowed upon one boy and one girl in the eighth grade of each of ten schools of Alachua County for the past two years. Recipients of the medal are decided upon according to the best qualifications for citizenship, based on honor, courage, leadership, scholarship and service. In Alachua County 34 boys and girls have received the medals awarded by Haisley

Lynch Post, and 29 of them were present for the organization meeting of the society.

Voiture Awards

IN ITS account of the Seventeenth Promenade Nationale of the Forty and Eight in Cleveland appearing in the November issue the Monthly failed to mention that the Charles A. Mills Trophy awarded annually to the voiture locale performing the greatest service to the Legion during the year was awarded to the Voiture 45, of Minneapolis, Minnesota. The Robert John Murphy Memorial Trophy, awarded to the voiture locale which makes the best record in exemplification of the Legion ritual in its posts during the year, was awarded to the Voiture 85, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

THE STEP-KEEPER

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

JAY C. HORMEL is a member of Austin (Minnesota) post.

GENERAL JAMES G. HARBORD is a member of Louis E. Davis Post of Bloomington, Illinois, his birthplace.

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant, belongs to Capitol Post, Topeka, Kansas.

ALEXANDER GARDINER's Legion membership is in George Alfred Smith Post, Fairfield, Connecticut.

FRANK A. MATHEWS, JR., is a Past Commander of the Department of New Jersey.

IRVING JENNINGS is National Executive Committeeman from Arizona.

J. W. SCHLAJKER belongs to Winner (South Dakota) Post.

FRANK STREET is a member of Sergeant Clendenon Newell Post, Leonia, New Jersey.

GEORGE SHANKS belongs to Reville Post, Brooklyn, New York.

PAUL BROWN belongs to William Bradford Turner Post, Garden City, New York.

Making It Hot for The A. E. F.

(Continued from page 36)

Read this letter from Thomas M. Johnson, who served as a war correspondent in France during the big scrap, and send your stories to him at 416 West 118th Street, New York City:

"Collaborating with Fletcher Pratt of 327 West 28th Street, New York City, I contemplate writing a magazine article, and possibly a book, that for the first time shall give the complete story of the famous Lost Battalion episode—and more. We wish to tell what effect that supreme experience has had upon the lives and careers of the survivors. Has it helped them or hindered them in the pursuit of happiness and success in life? Are they better men for having been through it, or not?

"Today, can the veterans of the Lost Battalion look back and see that, now and then, in one way or another, the fact of having been members of that group has influenced the course of their lives? How do they now feel about it? What emotions does the memory evoke? And what of the men broken in health by wounds and sickness then incurred?

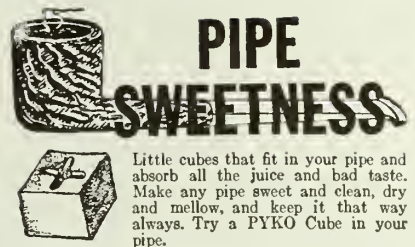
"We would like very much to get in touch with veterans of the Lost Battalion who are willing to give the answers to those questions—to have them tell true

stories, anecdotes and incidents showing what it has meant to them, or to friends of theirs, to have been a member of the Lost Battalion. Stories of men now dead are also welcome. Confidences will be preserved."

All right, you men who served with the 1st and 2d Battalions of the 308th Infantry, with Company K of the 307th Infantry or with Companies C and D of the 306th Machine Gun Battalion—the outfits that were cut off in "The Pocket"—here is your chance to contribute to authentically recorded history.

THOSE parades up Fifth Avenue in New York City during 1917 and 1918 and 1919 were high spots for the inhabitants of that greatest metropolis in our country. But New Yorkers ain't seen nuthin' yet! Wait till the Legion's hosts follow that famous avenue in the footsteps of the warriors and heroes of the war years! So you had better reserve the period from September 20th to 23d, which has been selected for the Legion national convention, for your vacation.

Indications are that there will be a record number of outfit reunions held during that week, and there will be plenty of other (Continued on page 64)



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Frontier Asthma Co., 75-B Frontier Bldg. 462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

**THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
FINANCIAL STATEMENT
October 31, 1936**

Assets

| | |
|--|-----------------------|
| Cash on hand and on deposit..... | \$ 422,959.45 |
| Notes and accounts receivable..... | 120,366.71 |
| Inventories..... | 105,880.45 |
| Invested Funds..... | 1,419,081.25 |
| Permanent Investment—Overseas | |
| Graves Decoration Trust..... | 190,062.36 |
| Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation..... | 129,097.64 |
| Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation..... | 36,147.15 |
| Deferred charges..... | 27,343.09 |
| | \$2,450,938.10 |

Liabilities, Deferred Income and Net Worth

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Current liabilities..... | \$ 72,918.01 |
| Funds restricted as to use..... | 45,242.47 |
| Deferred income..... | 295,857.79 |
| Permanent trust—Overseas Graves | |
| Decoration Trust..... | 190,062.36 |
| | \$ 604,080.63 |
| Net worth: | |
| Restricted capital.. \$1,325,430.16 | |
| Unrestricted capital..... | 1,846,857.47 |
| | \$2,450,938.10 |

FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant

Making It Hot for the A. E. F.

(Continued from page 63)

activities. For instance, the 77th Division Association has already extended its invitation for veterans of that Division to call at its Club House which is at 28 East 39th Street, New York City. Centrally located, three short blocks from Grand Central Station and not very much farther from the Pennsylvania Station, the Club House will be a mecca for thousands. The invitation reads:

"We request every former member of the 77th Division to pay us a call upon his arrival in New York City, register and receive his convention souvenir. We wonder how many Legionnaires know that thirteen American Legion posts hold their meetings in our Club House? Here you will find the men of all units of the Division wining, dining, dancing, playing and shooting—and the latter is no joke, as we have a very interesting rifle range, where competition is keen.

"Of course, our bar and restaurant always attract many and here one may hear tales of bygone days. Our Memorial Hall, with the various regimental colors and bronze plaques, is unique and well worth a visit. The rooms are veritable picture galleries—wartime posters, photographs, paintings, sketches by many famous men, cover the walls and if you look at the group pictures, you will find yourself and the rest of the gang."

Details of the following National Convention reunions in New York City may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Harlo R. Hollenbeck, personnel officer, 117 Seedorf st., Battle Creek, Mich.

14TH ENGRS.—Convention reunion. Herbert A.

Hawarth, chmn., 117 Hillcrest av., Manhasset, L. I., N. Y. Also send to Carroll E. Scott, 54 College av., Medford, Mass., for copy of bi-monthly News.

35TH ENGRS.—Reunion by mail and proposed national convention reunion, New York City. Fred Krahenbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Ohio.

502N BN., COS. A, B, C & D, U. S. ENGRS.—Officers and enlisted men. William J. M. Yingling, 24 E. King st., Littlestown, Adams Co., Pa.

AIR SERVICE VETS.—All who registered at St. Louis and Cleveland conventions and others interested in New York City reunion, write to J. E. Jennings, natl. adjt., 1128 S. 3d st., Louisville, Ky. 486TH AERO. SQNRN.—William A. Skinner, 75 Cedar st., Bangor, Maine.

FIRE TRUCK AND HOSE CO. No. 324—Harry C. Davis, 71 Main st., Ashland, Mass.

3D ARMY M. P. BN.—Proposed organization of vets of Cos. A and D, Army of Occupation, Coblenz, and election of officers, Legion national convention, New York City. Clarence P. McGee, New Iberia, La.

2N CO., 4TH BN., INF., C. O. T. S., CAMP PIKE, ARK.—Veterans mustered out after Armistice, write to Jos. B. Milgram, 18 Lake av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOSP. CORPS, U. S. NAV. TRNG. STA., NEWPORT, R. I.—Proposed convention reunion. Kenneth D. Marks, 905 N. 41st st., Philadelphia, Pa.

U. S. S. Indiana—Crew reunion. Clark Gallagher, Monroe, Mich.

U. S. S. Iowa—Following huge success of Cleveland reunion, the Iowa gobs claim they will have the largest percentage of potential attendance of any outfit in New York City. Directory of 360 shipmates available upon small contribution toward printing expense. Wendell R. Lerch, 400 Front st., Berea, Ohio.

U. S. S. Wilhelmina—Reunion of officers and men. Walter G. Petersen, care of Josephthal & Co., 120 Broadway, New York City.

U. S. SUB. 0-5, 8TH DIV., SUB. FLOTILLA—Proposed reunion of crew. Albert W. Lawton, Jr., 179 Green st., Fairhaven, Mass.

Announcements of reunions and other activities at other times and places:

4TH DIV. ASSOC., PA. CHAPTER—Annual reunion, Rittenhouse Hotel, Philadelphia, Jan. 30. C. Roland Gelatt, 4807 Chester av., Philadelphia.

4TH DIV. ASSOC. OF NEW ENGLAND—Annual reunion, Hotel Kenmore, Boston, Mass., Jan. 23. Ben Pollack, secy., 100 Summer st., Boston.

RAINBOW (42N) DIV. VETS.—National convention and reunion, Columbus, Ohio, July 12-14. Frank D. Henderson, Columbus.

VETS. OF 23D REGT. (106TH INF.)—75th anniversary of 23d Regt., New York, Jan. 20. Address General Committee, 1322 Bedford av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

VETS. OF 13TH ENGRS. (RY.)—8th annual reunion Plankinton Hotel, Milwaukee, Wis., June 18-20. James A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

VETS., 31ST RY ENGRS.—Annual reunion, Los Angeles, Calif., June 19-21. F. E. Love, secy.-treas., 104½ First st., S. W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 5. George Remple, secy., 2521 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio.

109TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—Biennial reunion, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Oct. 23. L. O. Tisdale, secy.-treas., 1718 Park av., S. E., Cedar Rapids.

15TH ENGRS., CO. D—Reunion banquet, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 24. R. L. Knight, 224 N. Aiken av., Pittsburgh (6).

314TH SUP. CO., Q. M. C.—Proposed 1937 reunion. Vets send addresses to Arthur Booth, 1801 Natl. Bank bldg., Detroit, Mich.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 4—Proposed reunion of all officers and men. Albert A. Pratt, P. O. Box 604, Newport, R. I.

F. H. and AMB. COS., 106TH SAN. TRN., 31ST DIV., CAMP WHEELER, GA.—Proposed reunion. Report to Charlie E. Brooks, secy., 2908 N. 27th st., Birmingham, Ala.

CO. 22, CAMP GORRAN AUG. AUTO. REPL. DRAFT, and DEPOT SERV. CO. 39, CONFLANS—Proposed letter reunion. B. G. Roberts, ex-capt., 335 Amanda st., Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.

CO. 320, MOTOR SUP. TRN. 405—Proposed 20th anniversary reunion. Write to C. J. Winandy, 6129 N. Hermitage av., Chicago, Ill.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS VETS.—Reunion convention, Scranton, Pa., Jan. 16-17. Gerald J. Murray, natl. adjt., 1131 Amherst st., Scranton.

U. S. S. Covington—Reorganization of association and proposed reunion. Louis Lavena, 503A Washington st., Dorchester, Mass.



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The Troop Clerk



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